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BY

HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., D.D.
Author of Toward the Sunrise, Beyond Death, etc.

BALTIMORE
WILLIAMS & WILKINS COMPANY
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TRAVEL FILMS

I

NEW YORK TO GIBRALTAR

It was a bright day in May when our good ship, the *König Albert*, glided slowly out of the North German Lloyd piers at Hoboken, and steamed out of New York harbor towards the great open Atlantic. We wave our farewells and feel the impressiveness of the partings. Good bye home and friends and church work. Your memories will be sweeter far than the music of bells, organs and choirs that we shall hear in far-famed cathedrals. Our vessel is officered wholly by Germans, and the service is first class in every respect; as also seem the passengers who are to occupy with us the same floating palace for two weeks, separated from all the rest of the world.

In the old days travel was really *travail*, that is, labor; now it suggests nothing but comfort and delightful associations. Even such travelers as Herodotus and Pliny simply noted the works and manners and customs of the men of various lands. Now men travel to see the works of God and feel the intercommunion between nature and the heart of man, so that

Whate'er we see
Or feel shall tend to quicken and refine,
Shall fix in calmer seats of moral strength
Earthly desires, and raise to loftier heights
Of love divine, our intellectual soul.

How one loves the sea! A sea voyage is the best of holidays, invigorating the body and refreshing the brain. Many for recreation seek the mountains; others go to the fields and the woods to hold communion with nature. Many go to the seashore and join in the gambols of the surf. But there is nothing like an ocean voyage for inspiration and relaxation. There is tonic in the salt spray of the sea, and ozone in the air; the empty nerve cells are replenished and the tired brain finds rest.

And now that the coast-line of America has faded out of view and we are upon a billowy waste of waters how suggestive of majesty and beauty—is the mighty ocean!

Around us is the awful "wideness of the sea;" its waters gleaming in the sunlight by day, and at night under the light of the full moon glittering as if it were a molten silver sea; above, the wide arch of the sky with its cloud-views by day and its brilliant stars by night. The illimitable waters "dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime" are now a pavement of emerald and jasper, of crystal and amethyst, now broken into billowy hills and dales when old Neptune doth

His dread trident shake
And make the bold waves tremble.

And at night how thrilling to stand at the ship's bow and try to penetrate the darkness, the uncer-

tainty which lies just ahead in that black rim toward which we sail but do not overtake! What emotions are stirred at the thought of the hidden perils of this wilderness-waste!

THE SEA IS AN EMBLEM OF SEPARATION

The differences of race and language, of national customs and manners are brought about by this great agent of separation, the sea. What tragedies of the sea! What divided households!

> The sea, the deep, lone sea, hath one,
> He lies where pearls lie deep:
> He was the loved of all yet none
> O'er his low bed may weep.

Hurricanes and storms, armadas and battles, shipwreck and death are but successive acts in the great dramatic history of the sea. We think of Rossetti's fine lines:

> Lands are swayed by a king on the throne,
> The sea hath no king but God alone.

The fabled sea-god still exacts tribute from nearly all who go down into the sea in ships. For when the waves begin to play at their favorite game of pitch and toss one's pneumogastric nerve gets wildly excited. It takes travel to bring out what there is in a man, especially sea travel. "Are you ordinarily sea-sick?" inquires an affable passenger. "No, sir; I am extraordinarily sea-sick;" and the hollow tone corroborates the statement. "What a mercy I am not a camel," says a young man. "Why?" "He has five stomachs, don't you know."

Look at that interesting young person; "A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad."

She is standing by the rail,
She is feeling very pale,
Is she looking for a sail?
No, she's not.
She's papa's darling daughter
Casting bread upon the water
In a way she hadn't oughter,
That is what.

Yet I can say for my family of four, that not one of us has had to do the hermit act, or miss a meal on the voyage.

EATING IS A GREAT EVENT ON SHIPBOARD

The first bugle calls us to breakfast at 8 a.m.; at 11 are sandwiches and bouillon or lemonade; at 1, lunch; afternoon tea at 4, and dinner at 7 p.m. The meals on this line certainly are delicious. "Be ye therefore steadfast" was the text of the preacher, but the printer got it "Be ye there for breakfast." But many are slow getting there. Not so the evening meal. It is said that a lazy man hurries to dinner. Well, we all hurry to dinner, the band playing during the full hour and more required for this "table d'hote." Everything is lavish, and everybody eats tremendously, even though the meal is often like Easter, a "movable feast." "Are these storage eggs?" asks a fastidious passenger. They certainly were; he had already stored away five of them. The beef is *a la mowed*, as the farmer said when the cow got in front of his mowing machine. Fish of

every variety; and salads to make the mouth water. The only trouble on shipboard is with the tea and coffee. That precious liquor which, according to Emperor Kien Ling, drives away the five causes of trouble, and of which Dr. Johnson was the Colossus of the Caddy—the ship's tea—is never good, and the coffee is no better. They tell of one who discriminated between tea and coffee by feeling the temperature of the milk jug: if hot, the beverage was coffee; if cold, tea.

Next to eating the great employment on shipboard is sleeping. Have you ever thanked God for the power of sleep?

> Sleep which knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labors' bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course;
> Chief nourisher at life's feast.

Away from the cares and worries of our regular duties, how easy it is to sleep! The sea is the cure of that greatest of human afflictions, sleeplessness. On shipboard take this advice:

> When the morning riseth red,
> Rise not thou, but keep in bed;
> When the dawn is dull and gray,
> Sleep is still the better way.
>
> Beasts are up betimes! But then
> They are beasts and we are men,
> Of all the crimes beneath the sun
> Say which in morning sleep was done?

With us the only early riser is the sun.

Life is after all only a series of habits and we soon get accustomed to doing without the daily papers,

without telegrams, telephones or letters, all save the wireless messages that come floating to us through the air. What is there to occupy the time and save from monotony? Well, there is walking, and our step seems to recover the buoyancy of youth as we pace around the deck, "eleven times to a mile." There is sitting in the steamer chairs, wrapped in rugs; the only worry with the ladies, as they sit all day, being, that they don't know whether they will tan or blister. There is conversation. And what fascination here, with such companions as Professor Rogers, of Drew, the charm of whose personality is irresistible! Professor Hewitt, of Cornell, a prince of conversers, and Professor Harris, of Andover, a dear old teacher of mine, who is just retiring at seventy-five years of age, and who gives as the secret of his wonderful success with students that he "never monkeys with the boys, but simply makes them work." Then there are the amusements: shuffle-board, quoits, chess, drafts, dominoes, and the never-failing cards. There is progressive euchre here, as everywhere, and many who have never gone to sea have been wrecked on a deck of cards. In the smoking-room the Germans have their beer; for beer fills many a bottle, just as the bottle fills many a bier. Is it not strange that a boy christened with water often takes to champagne, while a ship christened with champagne always takes to water? Sabbath morning dawns and how solemn and beautiful it is to join in Divine Service on a Sunday at sea. How strange, yet how homelike! There is the sense of the presence of the Father God; that the sea is His and that He who

holds the waters of all the oceans in the hollow of His hand is able to protect and keep us! And yet what a sense of our own littleness! The busy world is going on without us. Our good ship with its freight of living, throbbing hearts is but a speck upon a fathomless abyss of waters; and should all go down with a bubbling groan, the great world would roll on undisturbed. We would simply be never heard of more. Sailing on Saturday, we were hardly on our sea-legs for the first Sabbath, and knew not whether our stomachs would behave with becoming dignity. But we felt that we must have a service. Professor R—— consented to announce the hymns and read the lessons, but I must offer prayer and preach the sermon. A well-known musician, of Baltimore, led the singing, and the whole service was reverent and worshipful. The band, which had played carols at seven in the morning, opened the service with Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." The next Sabbath, as we were nearing the shores of Europe, although there were other ministers on board, the lot fell again on Jonah. "Do the duty that lies nearest you," said Gœthe, and I tried to follow the motto of one who knew science and art, literature and life as few have known them.

Friday, the 24th of May, was a red-letter day, for we were passing through the archipelago of the Azores, those beautiful isles of the sea, that seem like the Elysian fields of old sought in the Atlantic main. They belong to Portugal, eight hundred miles away, and for hours we feasted our eyes on mountains green to their summits, groves of oranges,

lemons and pineapples, villages and buildings of snowy whiteness, and foaming cascades falling from the heights to the sea. An English widow told a visitor that she was much comforted by her son who was in the Azores, and walked over every evening to see her. He was puzzled until she said, "You see, his regiment is stationed at Brighton." He saw it all. The letter "H" had absconded, and what she meant was not the Azores, but the Hussars.

Now we are entering historic waters. We are near Trafalgar, where Admiral Nelson battered to pieces the French fleet. "This is the square the Battle of Trafalgar is named after," said a young man who was showing his friend the sights of London. Soon we are between the storied portals of the Mediterranean. Ten miles away is the African Pillar of Hercules, the headland, beyond which lies Ceuta, the Spanish stronghold on the Moorish coast, and which so well played its part in the long struggle between Christendom and Islam. We are borne onward by the rushing current of the Straits and pass, as it were, from the modern into the ancient world. There is the renowned fortress which once seen cannot be mistaken, and cannot be forgotten. The historic rock looms up in the form of a couchant, sleeping lion. It looks as if all the armies of the world could make no impression on its rock-ribbed sides, and only some convulsion of nature could shake its everlasting foundations. When Gibraltar was first taken an old Scotchwoman said to another, "Wha's this Gib Walter folks is talking aboot?" "Tut, woman, it's no man, but a fortification."

GIBRALTAR

HOUSE OF TASSO

"And what's a fortification?" "Do ye no ken? It's just twa twentyfications."

Our ship comes to anchor under the impregnable cliff, amid vessels of every description. The tender comes out to us, and we are soon amid the interesting sights and scenes of this town of thirty thousand inhabitants, of all nations and climes.

II

GIBRALTAR TO NAPLES

We reached Gibraltar about three o'clock in the afternoon, and remained there until nearly nine, so that we had four or five hours for sight-seeing; and well did we employ this time. As soon as we reached land we were besieged by cabmen and venders of flowers, fruits, vegetables, lace, drawn-work, brasses and knickknacks of every variety. And the crowd: what an animated scene! What a commingling of Eastern and Western manners and dress! What a blending of all colors and nationalities! There were Moors in their long-flowing robes of white, yellow and blue, head turbanned, feet and legs bare to the knees; Oriental women veiled to the eyes; mingled with men and women of the Occident dressed in the latest styles. We engaged a carriage and for a dollar each were driven all about the promontory. First we entered the town and pushed through the narrow streets in which men, women and children, horses, carriages and carts, goats, donkeys and mules go drifting along in pell-mell confusion. Then we began to climb the heights and to pass the officers' quarters, with their gardens of bright flowers and overhanging trees. At length we reach the upper fortifications, and there our Jehu waited for us while we entered, recorded our names and addresses; after which we

had a soldier detailed to conduct us along the spacious galleries and tunnels cut in the living rock. The soldier was a manly-looking, intelligent fellow, who had been three years in the Royal Artillery, and expected to return to England after two years more. He showed us the old Moorish Castle, high up on the precipitous side of the cliff, a venerable relic of antiquity, for it dates from the year 711. Great Britain has possessed this stronghold since 1704, and these immense galleries have been hewn out since 1788. Every now and then an aperture is reached in front of which is a great cannon, ready to belch forth in thunder and flame. In some places we could step out and stand on the face of the cliff. What a view we commanded of the harbor, the land and the sea below! We were shown the place where the monkeys appear, and as they vary in number and size the tradition is held that there is a subterranean passage under the straits across to Africa, where the headlands are called Monkey Hill. This is almost as singular as that vines should produce monkeys, for they bear *gra-pes* (gray-apes). Our guide told us of two engineers that went down to explore this passage, but were never heard of more. These galleries and loop-holes circle the seven miles circumference of the cliff from base to summit, rising from a thousand to three thousand feet. The fortress is much stronger now than

> When the fleets of France and Spain
> Thundered, flashed in vain
> On the troops of Gibraltar.

How impregnable this rock held by the sons of the

Vikings, the strong masters of the sea! Our greatly-gifted Professor was telling us of the strength of Malta and Gibraltar, when the question was put to him, What is stronger than these Keys of the British Empire? He was paralyzed with the answer: "The Yan-Kees." We were utterly exhausted when we reached again our carriage. At once our Jehu started at break-neck speed down the sides of the precipice until we reached in safety the bottom of the steep descent and lingered awhile in the Alameda Gardens in their rich tropical beauty. Then an entrancing ride along the borders of the town and sides of the cliff—the carriage road on each side lined with trees, shrubs and flowers, the holly-hock, geraniums and roses of richest hues, ferns and fig trees, almond, orange and lemon trees. We crossed the neutral ground, "the no-man's land" the British soldier on one side and the Spanish sentry on the other, and drove into Spain as far as the town Spanola. Returning we met crowds of dark-eyed Spanish women and olive-hued men retiring from the fortress, for at sundown the immense iron gates are shut and there is no egress or ingress till morning.

We had a little time left to linger in the shops and marketplace of this town of thirty thousand, including the garrison of seven thousand, which had been lessened the day before by fifteen hundred. Having passed through the several lines of fortifications to the quay we found our tender ready to receive us; and as we lingered there we realized that the crowd along the wharf was quite as interesting as the quaint-looking streets and houses, and the world-renowned fortress.

The sellers of fabrics and wares were importunate beyond expression; and right in the midst of bargains and sensations of every kind appeared a brightly dressed baby in the arms of a Spanish nurse. All eyes turned to the baby. "The dear little thing!" cried all the women. What is a baby? You have heard the answer: "The prince of wails, an inhabitant of lapland, the morning caller, the noon-day crawler, and the midnight bawler; the only priceless possession that never excites envy, a key to the heart of all classes in all circumstances, a stranger that enters the house without a shirt on its back and is received with open arms by everyone."

As our vessel weighed anchor and passed out into the open sea, what a vision met our eyes! The town and lower parts of the cliff brilliantly illuminated; the massive sides of the precipice in the background, with here and there twinkling lights reaching to the very summit; and over all the silver light of the full moon shimmering down upon sea and shore! I venture to say that not a passenger will ever forget that memorable scene. Next morning we were passing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, brilliant and snow-clad, and then we lost sight of land. Later on some thought they saw on the right the low shore-line of Tunis, but it was rather apocryphal. The days are perfect, the sea is glorious. How full of haunting memories this Mediterranean! Did ever waters lave such shores? Egypt, Canaan, Tyre, Troy, Greece, Carthage, Italy, and Spain? What crafts have sailed over these billows! The ship *Argo* in search of the Golden Fleece; the stately ships of Solomon; the

merchant vessels of Tyre and Sidon; the fleet of Xerxes; Carthaginian and Roman galleys, Genoese and Venetian merchantmen! It has been the highway of great nations that have filled the world with their splendor. Over it on his great missionary tours sailed the great Apostle to the Gentiles; on it he suffered shipwreck on his way to Rome. It was the *Castor and Pollux*, a ship of Alexandria, that carried him from Malta to almost the very port toward which we are sailing. Truly a marvelous sea is this, which stretches out its blue expanse! The days are given up to conversation and exchange of courtesies. At the table next us a Swiss gentleman is philosophizing. He asserts that small women are always sharp-tempered, large women always good tempered, reminding you of one who, being asked "Do you think large creatures are better natured than small ones?" answered, "Yes, I do. Look at the difference between a Jersey mosquito and a Jersey cow."

On Tuesday night we had our concert, which was quite brilliant, for we had several professional musicians on board and the collection for the widows and orphans of seamen along with the Sunday offerings, amounted to a goodly sum. Next evening a great institution, the captain's dinner, was given. During the day we passed the Island of Sardinia. The air was genial, the sky cloudless, the sea calm as a molten mirror reflecting the azure firmament above. On Thursday all was astir on board our good ship, the *König Albert*. We were in sight of Italia, with its islands, bays and singularly beautiful indentations of coast. The sea itself is a vast mosaic of

many colors. Naples, the beautiful, is in sight. We enter the magnificent bay, with the most exquisite blending of the sublime and beautiful to be found anywhere on earth. There are Capri and Ischia and their sister islands, rising like palaces out of the sea, or like sentinels guarding the entrance to the harbor; there is the city rising in amphitheatre-like form from the imcomparable azure of the sea, the glorious circle sweeping terrace above terrace, and balcony after balcony, to the heights of St. Elmo; and behind is Vesuvius, with its crest of smoke and flame—"a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night." We drop anchor, the tender approaches to take us to the shore; we pass the Italian customs, and are soon among the jolly and good-natured inhabitants of this city of six hundred thousand.

III

NAPLES—LA BELLA

Naples is for situation preëminently the Beautiful. The Italians have given characteristic names to their chief cities. Rome is the Eternal City; Genoa the Superb; Bologna the Fat; Florence the Fair; and Naples the Beautiful.

We reach the Beautiful City in a pelting storm of rain, which drenched all the passengers except those immediately under the central part of the awning over the tender which carried us to the shore. There was the customary delay over the customs but we are soon rattling away over the lava paved streets to our hotel the Metropole et Ville. This hotel is charmingly located near the Villa Nazionale, a delightful resort with its long avenues of trees, arbors, groves, fountains and statues. In this park or fashionable promenade citizens of all classes gather on summer evenings and make up a brilliant and effective scene, full of the very essence of gayety and life. As soon as we were comfortably settled in our hotel we took a long drive through the city, dodging the donkeys with their great packs, the herds of goats and the happy-go-lucky crowds enjoying holiday, for it was one of the feast days of the church.

O the noises of this city of noise; the rattling of carriages, the shouting of peddlers and muleteers,

the hum of voices, some screaming, some chanting, "monks ranting, empirics bawling"—the importunities of beggars—all make up an incessant din, a perfect babel, a confused babble, of innumerable voices. The Corso Vittorio Emanuele is one of the most beautiful drives in the world rising from height to height until you reach an elevation of hundreds of feet with the city and the glorious circle around the indented coast in full view. A drive along the quays is memorable; on the water side the ships of all nations—the oriental predominating in the port—and on the land side tall toppling tenements crowded with people, the streets running up from the water being only narrow cracks of ways, topped on each side with dwellings from six to nine stories high. And O, the evidences of filth and vermin, of poverty and want, of dirt and deviltry!

I must not linger on the environs of the City. The drive up the hill Posilipo via Tasso commands one of the most beautiful of views; and beyond is Baiae a city buried beneath the waves, and Cumae the home of the famous sibyl, the most ancient Greek colony in Italy, and Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of Paul where the great apostle landed and tarried seven days before going on to Rome. Read the account in the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts and then realize what an inspiration it is to know that the eyes of the man next to Jesus Christ in importance to Christianity rested on this incomparable scenery and perhaps could exclaim with Horace's wealthy Roman "Nothing in the world can be compared with this lovely bay." On the other side of the city are the buried cities of

Herculaneum and Pompeii to which we give more than one day. How thrilling and impressive to wander up and down through temples, baths and theatres, to tread the narrow streets in which we see the very ruts worn by the wheels of chariots that rolled along eighteen hundred years ago; to survey from some elevation the entire mass of excavated ruins; to feel the corpse-like stillness of the empty homes; to see the walls adorned with frescoes of exquisite colors and the floors inlaid with beautiful mosaics; to intrude into the ladies' apartments and see the ornaments of dress, pins, paints, rings, all as they were laid down near twenty centuries ago. In the heart of the city is the Forum surrounded by a Doric Colonnade and this was the centre of the political and religious life of the city. The bathing establishments were on a colossal scale and so was the Theatre still in perfect condition. Temples abound. The dwellings of the wealthier inhabitants, as the House of Cassius, the House of Arbaces, the House of Sallust, the Villa of Cicero, the Villa of Diomedes are highly ornamented. The museum contains many skeletons of those who perished in the overthrow as well as marbles, bronzes, implements of silver, brass and stone, earthenware vases, articles of household furniture, toilet articles and articles of food, almonds, dates, figs, raisins, nuts, eggs, hardly done, and bread well baked, in fact, old enough to be somewhat stale.

There is the old enemy looming up black and threatening and how vividly rises to our imagination the terrible drama; the mountain belching forth its

smoke, sulphurous flames, and torrents of lava; the falling of ashes like a funeral pall; the horror and consternation of the inhabitants, fleeing, panic-stricken and helpless, till overwhelmed with a catastrophe like that which swept away the guilty cities of the Plain. Vesuvius has lost its exquisite conical shape; nearly one third of the mountain having been carried away in ashes and volcanic dust, that during the last eruption threatened the destruction of Naples itself. But it has lost none of its destructive power. Returning by carriage we passed one of the villages destroyed by floods of burning lava and in one of the openings in this wilderness of death we plunged our arm and felt the hot breath of the volcano, a fiery furnace of Vulcan ready to burst forth in earthquake and flame and repeat its work of desolation. Yet at its very foot we are amid smiling gardens, groves of orange, fertile vineyards and famous towns.

There are Castellamare which occupies the site of the ancient Stabiae where the elder Pliny perished in the eruption of Vesuvius; Sorrento, the Syrens' town of the Greeks, the Surrentum of the Romans and the birthplace of Tasso, beautifully located on the shores of the deep blue Mediterranean, amid gardens and vineyards and rich in temples and villas; and beyond

> Where amid her mulberry trees
> Sits Amalfi in the heat
> Bathing ever her white feet
> In the tideless summer seas.

We did not go to Ischia the largest of the Islands in the Bay, or to Capri with its famous Grottos, the

White Grotto, the Green Grotto, the Blue Grotto with their lustrous tints, for we had passed near them and noted their cliffs and craggy peaks, and we had had quite enough of the sea for a time.

We were greatly pleased with the Aquarium the most interesting place of the kind in the world. We never realized before that the sea was so full of life of every kind, cuttle fish, electric rays, fish of every color, coral, medusae, cray-fish, the octopus, and and other monsters of the deep. I had a friend in Washington who usually summered at the sea-side, but he would not go bathing in the sea. His imagination conjured up creatures of terror in the "vasty deep." If he had seen these devil-fish in their varying shapes and movements he would have been still more loath to take a dip in the Atlantic.

The Royal Palace is worth seeing. The eight noble statues in front represent the eight dynasties that have occupied the throne of Naples and Sicily: Roger the Norman, Frederick the Swabian, Charles of Anjou, Alphonso of Aragon, Charles V, of Spain, Charles the Bourbon, Murat and Victor Emmanuel of Savoy. It was Charles of Anjou who built the magnificently situated castle of Saint Elmo, which crowns the hill and gives so complete a finish to the picture of the City. San Martino formerly a Benedictine monastery, is now suppressed and has become a government museum containing many works of art and objects of historical interest. There are no churches of special attraction in Naples except the Cathedral of Saint Januarius which is eminent for beauty of architecture and valuable works of art.

Erected on the site of two pagan temples to Apollo and Neptune, it was destroyed by an earthquake in 1426 and rebuilt in the basilica style. Besides the wealth of painting, marbles and precious stones, there is a bust of Saint Januarius entirely of silver; and around the neck of this bust hang chains and crosses containing diamonds, emeralds and sapphires; and the mitre is studded with nearly four thousand precious stones. In the chapel of the martyred saint who was beheaded by Diocletian at Puteoli in the year 305, his body is preserved within the magnificent silver altar. One or two of his bones are shown you, as well as blood preserved in two vials. In this little chapel is performed the miracle of liquefaction when on a certain day each year in May and September, the coagulated blood of the saint becomes liquefied as shown by the vials turned upside down. All this is taking place in this year of grace 1912 and in a city where a university has been founded and public education under lyceums, technical, agricultural, and normal schools is advancing toward high development! What will the Church do when this advancing intelligence compels it to abandon this ceremony and these legends. No wonder the Church of Rome in these latter days is not so active in miracle-working as formerly.

But the place of absorbing interest in picturesque Naples is the Museum situated on the Strada Toledo, the street in which Garibaldi lived, the principal business street, now called Via Roma.

IV

NAPLES TO ROME

No one should leave Naples without a long visit or many repeated visits to this National Museum with its treasures of Greek and Roman Art, and its unique and unsurpassed collection of ancient relics. A rare and wonderful place it is.

The Sculpture Gallery is a perfect world of Marble Sculptures, next in value to the Vatican Museum. Besides the copies of world-famous marble forms, there are renowned masterpieces like the Hercules and Farnese Bull. These are representatives of the Rhodian School. Antiope has given birth to Amphion and Zethus and then has to abandon them. Dirce has persuaded then to tie her to the bull when they discover that she is their mother and in consequence Dirce has to meet the doom that would have been meted out to their mother. Antiope is in the background exhorting to forgiveness. The boldness and life of the group are remarkable. The Hercules was found in the Thermae of Caracalla at Rome. These works in marble belonged originally to the Farnese family. The Canova Room has three marble statues by Canova. The Corridor of Roman Emperors and ancient busts has a bust of Homer, the finest of all the ideal representations of the "blind old bard of Chios."

Southern Italy was once the seat of Greek culture and in these sculptured bodies of gods and of men, and the delicate, fair forms of women, you get a glimpse of the wealth, refinement and sensuous beauty of those far off times before the Christian era. The Bronze Room is the finest in the world. The Etruscan collection of vases; the ancient cut gems and cameos; the Cumaean collection of vases and terra-cottas—the antique gold and silver ornaments and the Egyptian antiquities are all of unfailing interest.

The Picture Gallery has a few works of Corregio, Raphael and Titian but is of no special value.

The interest centers in the exhumed treasures from the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

"It is the little things that count" as the father said when the twins came into the household: so here the little things are endless household gods, mosaics, ornaments, household utensils, articles of food, rice, beans, eggs, olives, figs and fruits, all setting forth the life, manners and customs of those long-buried cities. Charred masses of papyri have been unrolled and deciphered and there they hang to be read by the learned.

And over all is Vesuvius still looking dark and threatening; but I could not look upon the mountain with the same interest that I viewed it on former visits for it had lost its conical shape and was no longer a sugar loaf mountain. We left at three o'clock for Rome and while the volcano was sending out its clouds of smoke the whole landscape, city and vineyards, mountains and shore, looked surpassingly beautiful. The journey to the Capital is five

hours and as we had a vestibule car there was a continual coming and going of passengers, many of them our compagnons-de-voyage, across the Atlantic. There was the ever present, borrowing, impecunious traveller; for it is surprising how many crooked people find themselves in straitened circumstances in Europe. "Your old friend Snaggs is very tall, is'nt he?" "He was rather short today," was the answer. There was the much travelled man; for some people find enough in a few weeks of travel to bore others for a lifetime. There was the much-gotten up lady; for there are many handsome women like the pictures which we see, in reality, not as handsome as they are painted. They say the reason that so many wear tight gloves is because they are fond of having their hands squeezed. And there was the ever-present chattering, jabbering, good-natured Italian. On we came to Caserta, the Versailles of Naples, with its royal palace and famous fountain; then to Capua with its ramparts and churches, the old town which Hannibal conquered, then to the ancient Casenum with its colossal amphitheatre and its monastery magnificently situated on a lofty mountain in the rear of the town. The road leads along the slopes of the Apennines with their parallel mountain ridges and vales and through beautiful landscapes. Along these undulating plains and over these hill-sides what ghosts of armed men appear before the imagination, contending for empire; Goths and Visigoths, Romans and Carthaginians, Greeks and Sabines! What long years have passed since Rome was first invaded, and and for nearly thirty centuries these mountains and

valleys have resounded to the tramp of warriors and invading hosts. Now how quietly they rest!

> They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle;
> No sound can awake them to glory again.

We have entered the Roman Campagna with the Alban Mountains on one side and the Apennine chain of the Sabina on the east, a picturesque plain teeming with vine and fig-tree and little towns in the distance sitting cosily and comfortably on the lap of the mountains. But the historical associations far surpass in interest the natural features of the landscape. All around are columns and masses of ruins. Yonder is a mighty aqueduct whose broken arches extend for miles and miles along the plain—huge arches of stone that have defied the ravages of time for two thousand years. It is the Aqueduct built by Nero to supply the Eternal City with water. There is no mistaking our surroundings. We dash past walls, grass-grown monuments, and mouldering ruins until the train comes to a halt before a fine station and the guard calls out "Roma!"

V

ROME

We have spent ten delightful days in the Eternal City. To be in the home of the Caesars, under the shadow of walls that were built when the world was young, in the city of the early Republic and of the Empire; the ancient center of Western civilization; to know that somewhere in this neighborhood Saint Paul, Luke, the beloved physician, and Timothy walked and talked and wrote; in a city that was founded nearly a thousand years before Christ was born, that was a mighty power in the earth while as yet our ancestors of the British Isles were tattooed savages—this is surely getting near to the cradle of civilization. Next to Jerusalem Rome stirs the profoundest feelings in the soul, for those seven hills are stamped with the impress of nearly thirty centuries: Rome Consular, Rome Imperial, Rome Pagan, Rome Christian, Rome Papal!

Where shall we begin our description? Suppose we give you two or three days' drives through the city. By the courtesy of his eminence Cardinal Gibbons, we had a letter of introduction to Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the University of North America and this gave us ready access to the treasures of the Vatican. By a little delay we could have had audience with his Holiness the Pope, and

have seen the splendors of the Papal Court. But the head of the Church was exhausted with receiving religious pilgrims from many lands and other travelers; so the privilege of seeing him was given up.

Our first drive was through the Corso, past charming fountains adorned with rock work and statuary, and across the Tiber by the Ponte Sant Angelo built by Hadrian, A.D. 130. This bridge has on it ten figures of angels called the "Breezy Maniacs" of Bernini, each having some symbol of the Passion, the nail, the spear, the crown of thorns etc. Facing the bridge is the famous castle of Saint Angelo, originally Hadrian's tomb, transformed into a fortress in the sixth century. It takes its name from the massive figure of the Archangel Michael, sheathing his sword as a sign that a pestilence was stayed in answer to the prayers of Pope Gregory. A little further on and there bursts upon us the sweeping colonnades of the Grand Piazza of Saint Peter's having in its centre the granite obelisk brought from Heliopolis by Caligula. Four rows of lofty pillars, seventy feet high, sweep off to the right and left in a bold semi-circle—a perfect forest of Doric columns, two hundred and eighty-four in all. The righthand colonnade with the Pope's Swiss guard, in their picturesque costume, is the entrance to the Vatican. But we must leave those eleven thousand rooms for another day. We are entering the grandest temple ever built by man, Saint Peter's, erected at a cost of sixty million dollars, exhausting the treasury of forty-three Popes and displaying the talents of such

celebrated architects as Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Bernini.

The vestibule is nearly five hundred feet in length paved with variegated marble, covered with a gilt vault, adorned with pillars, mosaics and bas-reliefs. Now we enter the vast and impressive structure and that man must be strangely constituted who does not feel an involuntary inclination to worship. We are awed by the immensity and magnificence; we are dazzled by the beauty and splendor. The symmetry and harmony of the stupendous fabric are so perfect that you do not realize its colossal proportions. Measure that little cherub's fingers, they are good-sized arms; the bronze figure of Saint Peter which seems from the door to be two or three feet high is nearly double life size. They tell of an officer sending his regiment into the Cathedral, and following afterwards himself, was surprised that none of his soldiers were visible. The ten thousand were there, but not one of them could be seen from the door. The dome is supported by four massive columns and they stand twice as wide as any ordinary house. The central nave is surprisingly grand and is flanked by marble arcades, aisles and transepts, chapels enriched with variegated marbles and pictures in mosaics so exquisite that you can scarcely be persuaded that they are not oil paintings. Here are some of Canova's masterpieces in statuary and the monuments to the Popes are of such consummate workmanship that they might be willing to die for the chance of living again for ages in such noble marble forms. For a thousand years the bronze

statue of Peter, said to be that of Jupiter Capitolinus has been there with foot extended to be kissed by devotees, and though his great toe has been worn smooth, yet it is good for a thousand years more of kissing. We visited this grand cathedral several times during vespers but though we were more and more impressed with the grandeur of the church, we were not seriously affected with the pageantry of the service which seemed only a matter of routine to be got through for the benefit of the few spectators present. There was a marked want of reverence on the part of the celebrants in the service, such as would not be seen in any of the Roman Catholic churches of America. Re-entering our carriage and turning to the left and behind the church, we enter the Corsini Villa and drive up the long ridge of the Jaicunlum where stood the temple of Janus. Just below us glides swiftly the Tiber and here Horatius defended the bridge from Lars Porsena. On the heights stands the monument to Garibaldi, mounted on his charger, and on the front base a group of volunteers are sculptured defending Rome. On we go to the garden-crowned heights of San Pietro in Montorio, which command a magnificent view of the city, its surroundings, and the windings of the yellow Tiber. The church was erected by Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, on the spot where Saint Peter is said to have suffered martydom; and behind is a small temple of sixteen Doric columns where you are shown the hole in the ground which held the cross on which Peter was said to have been crucified, head down ward. Descending from these heights into the city

we drive through the crowded streets to the Pantheon, that incomparable circular edifice erected by Agrippa, B.C. 27.

> Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,
> Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods.

This ancient edifice is the burial place of Raphael, of Victor Emmanuel II, and Humbert I. The portico is over one hundred feet long and forty-four feet deep; sixteen great Corinthian columns support the roof and the massive structure which has so long withstood the ravages of time, is lighted from above by an open circular aperture thirty feet in diameter. From this to the Forum of Trajan, with its magnificent marble column one hundred and forty-four feet in height, and beneath which lie the ashes of the Emperor. There are twenty-five hundred human figures, besides animals and other details on these spiral bands of white marble; and strange to say, one of the Popes put on the top of this shaft representing the Dacian war, a statue of Peter eleven feet high. From this to the heart of old Rome—the Forum Romanum. This was the market place when Rome had but two hills, the Palatine and the Capitoline. Above us stood the everlasting gates of Capitolinian Jove. That old wall is part of the Tabularium built 78 B.C., for the archives of the state. There are remains of famous temples; those three fluted columns are the temple of Vespasian; those eight columns standing on a high basement, the temple of Saturn; nearby is the temple of Concord. One wonders that temples so famous should be so

PANTHEON

crowded together and that each should occupy so small a space. In the foreground is the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus, a sumptuous marble structure erected by the Senate and people in honor of that Emperor and his two sons Caracalla and Geta. O, what a place of history and tradition is this excavated spot! Nearby is the Mamertine Prison where Jugurtha and other conquered enemies perished. In this filthy and repulsive underground dungeon it is believed that the Apostle Paul was imprisoned and that from it he dictated his immortal farewell "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." Above is the Tarpeian Rock, from which traitors had to leap to their execution. We trace the windings of the Sacred Way along which the triumphal processions passed; and on the highest spot of the Via Sacra is the Arch of Titus, the conqueror of Jersualem, on which are engraved the most precious spoils of the Jewish temple. Crossing the Forum we reach the entrance to the Palatine Hill and the Palaces of the Caesars. Here are magnificent remains of the Arcadian, Kingly, Republican and Imperial times. Excavations are going on here as in the Forum and the foundations of great structures and the paintings on the walls give us some idea of the splendor of those old Roman palaces. This was the cradle of Rome, the original City of Romulus. Was Rome founded by Romeo? queried

one. The answer was "No. It was *Juliet* that was *found-dead* by Romeo."

But we are weary with the day's sight-seeing and have only time to linger around the world-famous Coliseum "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection." It is nineteen hundred feet in circumference built, it is supposed by the captive Jews. What splendid masonry though stripped of its marble and colored walls and iron clamps! This tremendous Amphitheatre is the most impressive and mournful sight conceivable. There it stands, built as if not for time but for eternity. There it stands a monument of the cruelty of old Rome and of the faith of the early martyrs. There it stands in awful beauty and majesty. The costly marbles are gone, the gold and gems which glittered in the arches gone, the seats of the Emperor, the senators, the vestal virgins, the excited spectators gone; yet there it stands the most impressive sight conceivable.

We had two delightful Sabbaths in the Eternal City: on the first Sabbath we were taken by Dr. N. Walling Clark, to the Italian Service where we heard a sermon in Italian; and then to the English Service where Dr. Sitterly of Drew Theological Seminary preached an excellent discourse. The following Sabbath we preached in the beautiful Methodist Episcopal Church, which stands on the Quirinal in the finest quarter in Rome. The splendid structure has also a Methodist College, Sunday School Rooms, Epworth League Parlors, and apartments for the Teachers and Preachers. The work begun by Dr. Vernon, continued by Bishop William Burt and

transmitted to Dr. Clark is prospering gloriously, and the magnificent building on the Quirinal is not only the centre of the Evangelical work in Rome, but the headquarters of Italian Evangelization which is being carried on in all the cities, from the Plains of Lombardy on the north to the Island of Sicily on the South. I had also the pleasure of visiting the Wesleyan Headquarters under the superintendency of Rev. Dr. Burgess. We visited Crandon Hall, a fine College for Girls, of which all Protestantism should be proud. Moreover we have had the joy of meeting Prof. Harry L. Wilson of Johns Hopkins University and wife who have just ended their stay in Rome in connection with the American School of Classical Studies in Rome.

VI

ROME AND ASSISI

Who can describe the charm, the indescribable fascination of the historic City of Rome, or recount the interesting sights of a ten day's visit?

Our home was next door to the old Rospighiosi Palace which holds as its art treasure Guido Reni's world-renowned ceiling painting, the Aurora. What a painting! There is Apollo the Sun God, his body flushed with living hues and blazing in a sea of golden light; and before his chariot is the Queen of the Morning scattering flowers, with her attending train of dancing nymphs, heaven-robed and fair!

Professor H. Wilson gave us a day in the Forum and the Capitol examining the most recent explorations. We saw the Comitium uncovered to the depth of thirty feet, the Temple of Vesta and the Palace of the Vestal Virgins, the Lacus Juturnae the fountain at which the horses of Castor and Pollux drank after the victory which they enabled the Romans to gain over the Latins; the spot where Virginia was stabbed to death by her father; where Mark Anthony pronounced his funeral oration over Caesar's body; where the Forum opened and Marcus Curtius on his horse leaped into the Gulf, which immediately closed up; and other points of unfailing interest even to the Lapis Niger, the famous black stone which marks the traditional tomb of Romulus.

On the Capitoline Hill we saw the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the finest piece of bronze work of ancient times; and fragments of the ancient temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. In the Conservatory Museum we lingered over the celebrated bronze Wolf, struck by lightning B.C. 65, and which in Cicero's time "was to be seen on the Capitol;" the Dying Gladiator, one of the greatest of all sculptures; the Faun of Praxiteles, on which is founded Hawthorne's romance, "The Marble Faun;" and where the "marble flows like a wave;" the Venus of the Capitol, and the wonderful Mosaic, Pliny's Doves. In the Hall of Illustrious Men we saw the busts of Virgil, Socrates, Seneca, Alexander the Great, Scipio, Pompey, Thucydides and other philosophers and warriors. In the Hall of the Emperors we noted the heads of these rulers of the world, the curly-headed Marcus Aurelius, the uncomely head of Julius Caesar, the bullet-head of Augustus, the bull-head of Caracalla, the dull-head of Hadrian, and the cruel face of Nero.

We had two wonderful days in the Vatican, one devoted to the Picture Gallery, the other to the Gallery of Sculptures. The Sistine Chapel is celebrated for its paintings and frescoes executed by Michael Angelo. The ceiling was his crowning work. He was nearly two years in doing it, and his eyes became so set in his head that he could not read a letter without holding it above his forehead. There are nine great central scenes embodying the events from the Creation to the Deluge. These sections are bordered by figures of prophets and sibyls.

What majestic forms are Isaiah, Ezekiel and Daniel! On the wall behind the altar is the Last Judgment designed by him in his sixtieth year, and completed in eight years. The Gallery contains some of the immortal creations of Raphael, his Transfiguration, the last picture that came from his hand and the grandest in the world; Titian's Madonna and Saints; The Resurrection, by Perugino with its brilliance and purity of color, and other works of great masters. The Loggie of Raphael is called Raphael's Bible, for it has forty-eight scenes from the Old Testament and four from the New. The Museum contains statues of Muses, Greek philosophers, poets and statesmen. Canova's Perseus and the Two Boxers are there, and the Apollo Belvedere of purest Carrara marble, and the famous Laocöön, a group of the father, two boys and the awful folds of the serpents which strangled them at the instance of the angry Apollo.

The library contains two hundred thousand volumes, and thirty-five thousand precious manuscripts.

We drove along the Appian Way, the Queen of Roads, built B.C. 312, past tombs and Columbaria, through the Porta Appia, the finest gate in the Aurelian walls, stopping at the Church of Domine Quo Vadis, where you are shown a mythical footprint of Christ left in the marble. The legend is that Peter escaping from persecution in Rome was met by the Saviour here. Peter asked, "Lord where goest thou?" The answer was, *Venio iterum Crucifigi*—I go to be crucified again;" which caused the apostle to return to the City and meet death as a martyr.

HALL OF SCULPTURE, VATICAN

It is astonishing how much the Church of Rome makes of Peter, how little of Saint Paul. It is certain that Paul trod these very stones on his way to the Imperial City; Peter's visit to Rome is rather apocryphal.

Further on the the catacombs of Saint Calixtus. We did not re-enter those long subterranean galleries, the invisible city of the dead, where the early Christians and martyrs were laid to rest; for we had visited them before and we did not care to tread those labyrinths again. It is estimated that there are here four millions of graves; and that these mazes of rock-hewn sepulchers would stretch in one continuous line nine hundred miles. Nor did we visit the three hundred and sixty-five churches of Rome, but we saw churches galore. Among them the Gesu the principal church of the Jesuits where lie the remains of Ignatius Loyola, a church adorned with precious stones that dazzle the eye, and a globe of *lapis lazuli*, the largest in existence; San Pietro in Vincoli which holds the fabled chains of Peter and contains the renowned statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo; old Saint Clements with its lower church built in the fourth century and mentioned by Saint Jerome; and the Cappuccini, its burial vaults ornamented with the mummied bones and skulls of four thousand monks, set in mosaics, and all kind of architectural devices.

We had some charming afternoons with Mrs. Wilson as our guide. One day we went to the Basilica of Saint Paul, built on the site of the apostle's martyrdom. It is one vast hall of marble, with

eighty Corinthian pillars forming the nave, reflected in the marble pavement. It is a splendid show-room with altars of malachite given by the Czar of Russia, and pillars of oriental alabaster, the gift of Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt; but the gorgeous structure is erected in a deserted suburb, with scarcely a human habitation near. Then we stopped at the Protestant Cemetery, where lie Gibson, the sculptor, the heart of Shelley the poet, and the body of Keats, who wished to have engraven on his tombstone: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." What pathos in that little spot shaded by cypress trees and carpeted with violets. It is at the picturesque gate of Ostia, and here is the pyramid tomb of Caius Cestius, erected some thirty years before the Christian era. On this sepulchral monument built in imitation of the Pharaoh's, the eye of the great apostle must have rested as he was led away to execution, beyond the city walls on the road to Ostia, the port of Rome. Then we drove to a four o'clock tea at the Restaurant of the Caesare, overlooking the Imperial Mount, with its silent memorials of past grandeur, and commanding lovely views of the Alban and Sabine mountains with bright villages gleaming on their slopes. Next to the villa of the Knights of Malta, where we looked through the key hole of a door that afforded a grand vista of the dome of Saint Peters. It reminded us of the glorious vistas of the dome of the Capitol, from openings cut through the trees on the heights around Washington.

Then to the most perfect of basilicas and one of the oldest churches in Christendom, Santa Maria

Maggiore, with an Egyptian obelisk in front and an interior of three aisles, with thirty six Ionian columns of white marble taken from the villa of Hadrian at Tivoli. The Sixtine chapel contains the tomb of Sixtus V, and here is preserved the fabled relic of the cradle of the Saviour. The Borghese Chapel has an altar-piece of pure Jasper. As we drank our tea on the Aventine and looked upon the domes of the church in the distance, Mrs. Wilson told us the story of the miracle of the snow seen there in August, A.D. 352, and which marked the spot for the erection of the church as told to the Pope by the Virgin.

Another afternoon drive started with the Saint John Lateran founded by Constantine, "the mother and head of the churches of the city and the world." The beautiful bronze doors came from the Senate House in the Forum. It has many chapels decorated with paintings and statues, the Corsini Chapel being one of the richest in Rome with its porphyry columns and vessel of porphyry plundered from the portico of the Pantheon. This church has precedence over all others and five councils have been held within its walls. Its adjoining palace was the residence of the Popes for a thousand years. Near this is the edifice containing the Scala Santa or Sacred Stairs. It consists of a flight of twenty-eight marble steps supposed to have been taken from the judgment hall of Pilate, at Jerusalem, by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine. When in Jerusalem I saw the spot from which these steps were taken; but who can say that they belonged to the Palace of Pilate or that our Blessed Savior

ascended these steps? The stairs are so sacred that they may only be ascended on the knees. It was when Martin Luther had made the ascent half-way that he suddenly stood up, turned about and walked down; for he had heard a voice that whispered "the just shall live by faith." Still indulgences are granted to those who ascend these stairs on their knees, and I have never been there when I have not seen devotees toiling up these steps on their knees. Adjoining this is the octagonal Baptistery where Constantine was baptized, and which contains the "singing doors" referred to by Dante. Then we took our afternoon tea at Café Aragno's on the Corso, with his famed coffee and cakes, always followed by a visit to the shops and picture places.

Our last drive was through the centre of the present city, the Piazza del Popolo adorned with fountains and surrounded with foliage, then up the terraces of the Pincio the hill of gardens, interspersed with fountains and statues, the favorite stroll and drive of the Romans. This is the Hyde Park of Rome—the spot where Lucullus once luxuriated, and the infamous Messalina the fifth wife of Claudius revelled; with its groves and shady nooks, and busts of Italy's great men. What a panorama of the city, its domes and palaces, gleaming in the golden light of the setting sun! There is the world's Cathedral, with its vast dome standing out against the sky; near it the round fortress of Saint Angelo; to the right the Vatican, to the left the steep coast of Janiculum; that vast circular dome is the roof of the Pantheon; there are the columns of Aurelius and Trajan, and

the Quirinal Palace; while through all the mass of buildings we trace the windings of the Tiber until it is lost in the wide Campagna. A turn or two through the grounds and through the charming gardens of the villa Borghese and we return to our hotel. Next morning we bid good-by to Roma. We are off for Assisi the picturesque town and home of Saint Francis with its great monastery of the Franciscans and lower church holding the remains of the Saint; the upper church with its scenes from his life frescoed by Giotto, and the magnificent Pilgrimage Church enclosing the original oratory of Saint Francis and the cell in which he died. Great was the influence exerted upon the religious life of the people by Saint Francis' beatific poverty and self-abnegation; and the Order which he founded in 1208 flourished and spread until in the eighteenth century it possessed nine thousand convents and fifteen thousand monks. Its influence upon the semi-barbarians of Europe was beneficent. But monasticism is a mediaeval institution, and with the tendency of all human institutions to degenerate, Monachism so antagonistic to enlightened reason and so fatal to self-improvement has been productive of more evil than good; of more gloom and darkness than sweetness and light. It made the religious life, visionary and dreamy, monotonous and dull.

As a protest against the characteristic vices of those turbulent times, vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were taken; but these vows were continually violated and the monks became the objects of great scandal, and many of the orders too corrupt

to be reformed. But no life could be more exalted and Christ-like than that of Saint Francis and my great regret in visiting Assisi was that Mr. Sabatier the author of the most inspiring life of the saint, to whom I had a letter of introduction was away from home at the time and we did not see him.

From picturesque Assisi we pass on to Perugia the capital of Umbria, also a city set upon hills, a thousand feet above the Tiber. Another halt at Cortona and Terontola and we have reached Florence, the City of Flowers and the Flower of Cities.

VII

FLORENCE

What a delightful stay of six days we have had in Florence, the Italian Athens. Words fail us in the attempt to describe the beauties of this lovely city. Beautiful for situation, it stands in the broad valley of the Arno, bounded on either side by lofty mountains, rising up gradually and softly in exquisitely graceful and undulating forms, their sides intersected with romantic glens; their lower slopes gemmed with white farm-houses, or villa-jeweled, with fertile gardens and groves of cypress, olive and fig.

Delightful also in its surroundings, with its palaces and temples, its monuments and bridges, it is an ideal city for rest, recreation and retrospect. Our enjoyment was heightened because of the perfect entertainment which we found in the Pension White situated on the Lung Arno opposite the heights of San Miniato, so that from our window we looked up to the bronze statue of David by Michael Angelo, which is placed on one of the most enchanting spots of Fair Florence, with its thousand villas, "like a pearl set in emeralds." Here we met Dr. Hurd, so long Superintendent of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, who is traveling with his wife and two daughters; and here our sons would have lingered for weeks. The poet sings

Of golden Arno, as it shoots away
Through Florence's heart beneath the bridges fair.

You have heard the conundrum, why is it impossible to cross the charming river of Florence? The answer is, because the Arno boats or bridges (because there are no boats or bridges). The Arno itself is disappointing, it is such a straggling stream except in rainy weather; but the quaint arches of the bridges, the palace gardens with statues on either side, the stately open arcades, the narrow streets and high houses, the towers and spires, the glorious Duomo and graceful Campanile, make up a picture that cannot be forgotten; a very vision of beauty.

It is a city of flowers as the name Florentia indicates; its monuments are crowned with iris; the fleur de lis is emblazoned on its coat of arms and the Cascine, Boboli Gardens, the parks and squares are all filled with flowers. Three great things commemorate three of the greatest men of Florence, Brunelleschi, Giotto and Ghiberti; and here stand close together the Duomo, the Campanile and the Baptistery. The charm of the Duomo is its majestic simplicity. The exterior is covered with precious marbles and vast mosaics, but the inside is quite plain except that the pavement is composed of marbles in white, red and blue; and the painted windows are of such splendor that they seem made of sapphires, rubies, emeralds and gold, set in a border of adoring saints and angels. Browning in "The Ring and the Book" has immortalized those Cathedral windows.

FLORENCE

VENICE

At eve in the Duomo—watch the day's last gleam outside
Turn as into a skirt of God's own robe
Those lancet windows' jewelled miracle.

The dome covered with frescoes, is the largest in the world, and it is said that when Michael Angelo set out for Rome to build Saint Peter's he looked back at this great spherical roof and remarked, "Like it I will not make it; better I cannot."

The Campanile lifts itself upward three hundred feet, an undreamed-of-wonder, a combination of solidity with aerial grace and indefinable delicacy. This bell-tower of Giotto is according to Ruskin the one only building in the world which combines in the highest possible relative degrees the characteristics of Power and Beauty. The Baptistery is a small Pantheon, an octagonal edifice with its magnificent bronze doors, the third one of which, by Ghiberti, is such a marvel of art that Michael Angelo declared it was worthy of being the gate to Paradise. The Santissima Annunziata, with its rich roof and altar dazzling with precious stones, has in its chapel the picture miraculously painted, the people believe, by the angels. Santa Maria Novella is called Angelo's Pride, the purest and most elegant example of Tuscan Gothic; Santa Croce is the Westminister Abbey of Florence. Here is the tomb of that mighty genius, "unique in painting, unparalleled in sculpture, a perfect architect, an admirable poet and a divine lover," Michael Angelo. Here are the tombs of the divine poet Dante, of Alfieri and Galileo; also the monument to Niccolo Machiavelli, "out of whose surname," says Macauley, "we have coined an epi-

thet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the devil." This church, the Pantheon of Florence belongs to the Franciscans, the largest church belonging to any of the mendicant orders.

San Michele is one of the glories of Florence, and San Lorenzo has its Chapel of the Princes, the burial place of the great Medici family, with its groups of marble, and famous symbolic figures of Day and Night, Morning and Evening. San Lorenzo is one of the oldest in Italy. It was first founded and consecrated by Saint Ambrose in the fourth century, restored in the eleventh century and completely reconstructed by the Medici in the fifteenth century. But the great treasures of art, the richest collection in the world, are in the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti palaces. Here are stairs, vestibules, corridors, halls, cabinets and saloons crowded with the rarest wonders of art; pictures, tapestries, precious stones, cameos, porphyry tables, bronzes, medals and gems blazing in every hue. A little octagonal room called The Tribune is the crown and center, the inner sanctuary of art, for it is filled with the very masterpieces, the rarest wonders of art. Here is the Venus de Medici, "the statue that enchants the world;" the Dancing Faun, by Praxiteles, the Wrestlers; and paintings such as Raphael's Fornarina, which takes rank among the masterpieces of the world; Titian's Venus with its wonderful brillance and purity of color, and Michael Angelo's Holy Family one of the noblest achievements of the great Master in painting. The Pitti Gallery contains

about five hundred celebrated paintings of the great masters. These pictures claim and win our admiration from their richness of color and the delicacy of their effects of light and shade. Latin Christianity is closely identified with the art of painting, and we find the majority of the subjects reproduced on wall or canvas to be altar-pieces, portraitures of Popes and prelates, legends of the saints and pictures of the Madonna.

The Florence of today is still filled with the vivid, vital image of Savonarola, that great Florentine reformer, preacher and statesman who battled with the evils of his age and sought to produce a reformation of morals and of doctrines: The Duomo in all its arches, the immensity of its mighty dome seems to re-echo the strains of his commanding eloquence as he took the side of the people and like another John the Baptist, poured out his terrible denunciations against the tyranny of the Medici and the abuses of the church. The Palazzo Vecchio with its gray stones had a voice to tell of his great achievements when he assumed the dignity of a statesman and virtually, ruled the city; as also the Piazza Signoria crowded at eventide and all day long with assemblies and tumults for it was the forum of the republic. Even the vine-grower's troubles seemed to speak of those excited multitudes who saw the triumph, the humiliation and the death of this great patriot, scholar, apostle and martyr. Dante also who "first the air of Tuscany drew," was an illustrious citizen of Florence and sang of the renowned city.

> Florence exult! for thou so mightily
> Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea, thy wings
> Thou beatest.

His "Commedia" is the enduring monument of his genius and has been called a matchless production, which has not only stood the test of ages, but given tone and color to the poetry of modern Europe.

Galileo too, was of an ancient Florentine family, and after his invention of the pendulum in Pisa and his discoveries in astronomy, took up his residence at Florence as philosopher and first mathematician to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Hither the spirit of persecution followed him; he was summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Rome and forced on the penalty of death to make his abjuration. Broken and bruised in spirit he was conducted to prison to be immured there for life. But his sentence was so far mitigated as to allow him to return to Florence; and the house is pointed out on the hill-side where he lived under the most humiliating and painful surveillance, until death set his spirit free and he soared again among the stars.

But of all private houses in Florence none has the interest of Casa Guidi on the other side of the Arno opposite the little Church of San Felice—the home of the Brownings. What happy days they enjoyed together here! How Browning loved Italy!

> What I love best in all the world
> Is a castle; precipice encurled
> In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.

His body lies in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, but in "De Gustibus" he wrote

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it—Italy!

Is it any wonder? In this City of Flowers, in a little cemetery lie the remains of the idol of his heart, his "Lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird," Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Here Browning wrote some of his greatest poems. It was amid the rubbish of an old second-hand stall in the square of San Lorenzo that he picked up a curious old parchment-bound book, containing the record of a murder trial that had taken place two hundred years before. The poet saw the whole world of pathos and tragedy that lay behind it; and four years later he gave to the world in the form of the "Ring and the Book," his *magnum opus*. "The Ring and the Book" has twenty-one thousand, one hundred and seventy-one lines—two thousand, one-hundred and seventy-one more than Pope's translation of the "Iliad," one of the longest poems in the English language. What a marvelous insight into human nature the poem shows! How much we owe to the great poets who have always been the prophets and teachers of the race.

Would you have your songs endure?

Build them on the human heart.

VIII

FLORENCE TO VENICE

There are many fascinating excursions about this City of Flowers.

We gave an afternoon to the heights of San Mineato, with its cypresses and evergreen oaks; and another to the Fiesole, a terrific climb for horses but commanding a charming view of the entire city and of the lovely Valley of the Arno. It was on this steep winding, picturesque road that we passed the Villa of Galileo of which Milton wrote, "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." But we must bid good-bye to beautiful Firenze and start for the Queen of the Adriatic.

The railway journey from Florence to Bologna is about eighty miles, but it is over the Apennines, and there is an uninterrupted succession of tunnels and bridges, viaducts and embankments. We counted forty-two tunnels and two of them were over a mile in length. The occasional glimpses of intervening valleys and mountain peaks were very fine; and the ruins of old castles, fields of green, silvery olive foliage, winding streams all sleeping in the rosiest light of a Tuscan heaven served to make up a picture almost unequalled even in this land of beauty. For

scenic loveliness what a ride is this over the mountains when gazing at some panorama we seem as Dickens said at Niagara to be looking into the very face of God. Surely amid these mountain majesties it may be said of the Unseen Creator

> Thou hast not left
> Thyself without a witness, in these shades
> Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength and grace
> Are here to speak of Thee.

What a perfect railway system over these walls of rock and across these profound gorges enshrouded in the shadows!

What road-builders these Italians are! And how different the impressions one gets of these people in their native land from those concerning them as immigrants! They are a sober, courteous and highly industrious people.

Bologna is a very ancient town, with arcaded streets and picturesque remains of mediæval architecture. It is celebrated for its ancient university, said to have been founded by Theodosius the Great in A.D. 425. In the twelfth century it had in it ten and twelve thousand students from all parts of Europe. They are now celebrating its fifteen hundredth anniversary, and representatives of many universities in Europe and America are seen along its winding colonnades.

Now we pass through the Garden of Italy, past the famous Padua, and are soon crossing the wonderful two-mile bridge, with its two hundred and seventeen arches, to the City of the Doges, throned like a queen on her two hundred isles. The romance of

Venice begins as soon as you step out of the railway station, for instead of omnibus, cab or jaunting car, a fleet of gondolas awaits you. Selecting one of these you resign yourself to the luxury of its comfortable cabin and glide smoothly, almost noiselessly, along the waters of the Grand Canal or through the narrower ones, until you reach your journey's end.

During our sojourn in the City of Lagoons we stopped at the Grand Canal Hotel, near to Saint Mark's Square; and through all our stay we felt that we were in a city of romance and of dreams. Its attractions have long been dwelt upon, the ancient glory and picturesqueness of the old palaces and of Saint Mark's Square with its church of oriental magnificence. But there is an aspect of decay on all around and with the encroachments of modern ideas and customs, its glamor fades; and even the gay gondoliers show the effect of sharp competition with steam-transports and gasoline launches, so that they have not the exuberant spirits of the past. Yet there is the atmosphere of the place, fadeless and indescribable; the endless fascination of gliding through its canals in a gondola, or walking along its narrow lanes and over its multitudinous bridges. The sensation is like looking at one of Turner's pictures as contrasted with one of Canaletto's. Canaletto painted pictures of Venice, with not a palace of the drawing, or a brick out of place; but not all his pictures would give a stranger much idea of the atmosphere of the hundred-isled City. With Turner a Venetian could hardly identify a building or canal, but there lies before him in all its glory the Queen of the Sea!

A lady said that she did not see Venice under favorable circumstances, for there had been a great rain and they had to go about in boats. Which reminds one of the conundrum, "Why is Venice one of the best of all places to be in during a flood?" Because you are sure of a-dry-attic (Adriatic). It seemed very romantic after a half-past-seven dinner, lasting till nine or later, to sit at the bedroom window of the hotel and witness an entertainment on the canal, hundreds of gondolas with Chinese lanterns and gaily dressed occupants; to listen to the music over the waters, and the ripple of the waves. But when the music and uproar continued till all hours of the night, and then at daylight you are awakened by the chatter of the gondoliers, and the clatter of their boats, it gets to be a little monotonous. A gentleman told me that for two weeks he did not get a night's sleep, and when it culminated in one traveller leaping from the window in suicide, and another being stabbed almost to death, he concluded that it was time to move on. With us the latest thing out is the hired girl; it is not so in Venice.

"What kind of a place did you find Venice?" "Damp, sir; very damp," was the reply of the tourist.

IX

VENICE

Saint Mark's Square is the heart of Venice, and the Church of San Marco named in honor of the tutelar saint of the Venetians is a Romanesque Basilica. It has five hundred marble columns and the interior is profusely decorated. The Four Horses in gilded bronze over the door have been great travelers. They once adorned the triumphal arch of Nero and are pronounced to be the work of the Greek Sculptor Lysippus. Constantine sent these masterpieces of Greek art in its best days to Constantinople. The Doge Dandolo after Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Venetians and the Levant came under the sceptre of the Doges conveyed them to Venice. Napoleon carried them to Paris in 1797, where they graced his triumphal arch and they were not restored till 1815. What a history! Sculptured in Chios and taken to Rome to adorn the triumphal arches of Nero and Trajan; transported thence to the Golden Horn they stood undisturbed for eight hundred years; then these gilded horses were brought to Venice where they remained in their station for five hundred years above the principal entrance of Saint Mark's; next transported to the capital of France where they remained in the Place du Carrousel till they were conveyed by the Emperor

Francis back to their old position in Venice. The façade of the Cathedral is a very museum of Byzantine sculpture. Here are two of the Labors of Hercules; in one he carries the wild boar, in the second the hind of Diana. On the south façade are two other Byzantine marble reliefs; one a woman in a long tunic bearing a crown on her head, a palm branch in her left hand and holding a wreath of victory in her right hand. The other relief represents the Sun God in a chariot drawn by three griffins. These Venetians in plundering the East to decorate their church, had no scruples in admitting mythological subjects: for in the walls we see Amor riding upon a lion playing the flute; two eagles, one fighting a snake; a griffin attacking a deer, and four lions placed two and two facing one another. In the principal doorway are bas-reliefs of two knights clad in a Byzantine coat of mail; one is Saint Demetrius of Saloniki, the other Saint George, the canonised slayer of the dragon. Even the life-size figures of the four Evangelists in the south façade are of Byzantine art, for John is not a youth but an old man with a long beard and the parchment roll on which they write, lies in Eastern fashion upon their knees. The Mosaics within the Church are most exquisite in conception and execution. Surely this wonder of architecture owes much of its splendor of decoration to oriental marbles.

Nearby is the Ducal Palace, with its pointed arches and columns, making a beautiful picture of light and shade; indeed Ruskin makes the glory of Saint Mark's depend largely upon its color, subtle, variable.

inexpressible: the color of glass, of transparent alabaster, of polished marble, and lustrous gold!

We spent much time in the Palace of the Doges with its rich specimens of Venetian art. Tintoretto's portraits of the Doges are of striking realism and rank among the masterpieces of the world. His wonderful Bacchus and Ariadne in its cool gray or silver light contrasts strangely with the golden glow of his Miracle of Saint Mark. His Paradise has too many figures to be taken in at one glance and so gives a confused impression. The Marriage of Cana is another great creation in the remarkable effects of light and shade. Here you see the splendor of coloring of Paul Veronese as in the Rape of Europa, his Venetia on the globe with Justice and Peace, and his Christ in Glory.

We visited the Library and Museum; crossed the Bridge of Sighs, "a prison and a palace on each side," and entered the gloomy dungeons. We spent hours in many of the churches, Santa Maria della Salute, with its ceiling-paintings by Titian; the beautiful San Giorgio Maggiore; Santo Stefano with its ancient frescos; San Sebastiano; Sante Giovanne e Paolo; the Frari, and others too numerous to mention. We traversed the whole length of the Grand Canal, which winds like a great S through the city. We noted the handsome houses and magnificent palaces, the homes of the ancient aristocracy of Venice, and thought of the long days of splendor, when the city conducted through marble channels the trade of the world. We visited the lace establishments and saw them making the delicate lace;

the glass and china works, and other Venetian specialties, and how we were tempted to buy, especially as it was the anniversary of our wedding day! However, we were not like the couple that before the marriage *she* was dear and *he* treasure; but after the wedding day, she was *dearer* and he *treasurer*. We have seen the Rialto, the Lion, and the Dragon of Saint Mark's; have made an excursion to the Lido; and as we take our departure from this wonderful pageantry of the sea, the whole city seems like a fairy panorama, and we realize something of the luxury, art and splendor of Venice in her ancient days of glory.

X

MILAN AND THE ITALIAN LAKES

We did not halt between Venice and Milan even tho' we had to pass charming Padua and the ancient Verona with its attractions and thronging memories. Milan the Grand is an up-to-date city of half a million. It is situated in the midst of the vast and fertile plains of Lombardy, and the Cathedral, a miracle in stone, known as the eighth wonder of the world, towers above the city and dominates all else. There it stands in the great square so massive, so solemn, so vast, yet so delicate, so graceful and so airy; a wilderness of glittering pinnacles cut against the sky; a forest of spires shimmering in the amber sunlight; a graceful vision in marble; a great white mountain; a never ending maze of bewildering tracery. The vast and shadowy interior is cruciform with double aisles and arch beyond arch, column after column in true proportions. These fifty-two pillars are each twelve feet in diameter and instead of capitols above, are canopied niches filled with statues. Everywhere statues, statues, statues; niches for ten thousand statues, each one a study, the work of a Raphael, an Angelo or a Canova, with attitude full of grace and face radiant with expression. The floor is a mosaic of many-colored marbles. The gorgeous windows are ablaze with colors and

pictured scenes. Of course we mount the marble roof and to the very summit of the bell-tower, and look away to the snowy summit of Mt. Blanc, and the snow-white peaks of the far off Alps, the most golden, extensive and attractive landscape to be found in Europe. The roof is called the "Garden of the Gods," where you walk amid marble statues and an endless variety of beautiful pinnacles, flying buttresses, and white marble tracery as elegant, elaborate and bewildering as the tree-frost-work in our winter days. What a prospect! the mighty and silent mountains so many miles away with their deep blue shadows and rose-tinted hues; around a green table-land of vines, gardens and sparkling streams; and below, the city with its palaces and spires, while at your feet is this poem in stone, this mountain of rock work set to music.

We noted the remarkable statue of Saint Bartholomew, flayed alive, with his skin hanging in folds from his shoulders; and the tomb of Carlo Borromeo, with its emerald cross presented by Maria Antoinette. The new bronze doors by a Milanese artist are very rich and elegant. Another crowning glory of Milan is Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper in the old refectory of the Abbey Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. But how it is crumbling and how it has been marred since last I saw it. Yet the Divine Face of the Blessed Master is there in much of its beauty and majestic sweetness; a face surely as near the face of the God-man as imagination ever conceived.

The magnificent composition was admirably de-

signed for the wall-end; so that the monks as they sat at meals could see the long table of the picture forming, as it seemed, part of the room itself. It is said that the wreck of the picture is largely due to the artist having painted it on the wall in oil instead of fresco. This experimenting in untried pigments has made his Mona Lisa suffer, the color having considerably faded.

We must not forget the old Church of San Ambrogio founded in the fourth century by Saint Ambrose where the Lombard Kings and German Emperors were crowned with the iron crown; the church in which Augustine heard from Saint Ambrose the words which led to his salvation; and where he was baptized when amid the improvisation of rapturous prayer, creed and song the great Te Deum Laudamus received its final form. The ancient bronze doors of the old church are the very ones which Saint Ambrose shut against the Emperor Theodosius. The Brera, a fine picture gallery, contains Mantegua's Dead Christ also that gem of Raphael's the Sposalizio. Another glory of this Modern Metropolis of the Kingdom of Italy is the Victor Emmanuel Gallery, of octagonal form, the entrance arches adorned with emblems of science, industry, art and agriculture; while its splendid frescoes represent Europe, Africa and America. It cost nearly two million dollars and its brilliant shops and cafes are worthy this most enterprising city of Southern Europe.

We visited the Public Gardens but did not go to the Great Exhibition for it was steaming hot and though the odors were not as pungent as in the an-

cient dreaming City by the Sea, where each Gondolier seemed a gay Lorenzo, and each maiden a fair Jessica with roguish eyes and a cloud of raven hair, yet we were glad to get into cooler air. We therefore started for the enchanting Italian lakes. An hour's ride on the train brought us to Como where we embark on one of the pretty little steamers that ply this mountain lake. How grand it seemed to get away from cathedrals and picture galleries, to gaze upon the wonderful works of God, mountain, lake and glorious sky. Bright and lovely is the Lake of Como, considered by many the most beautiful lake in the world, its banks lined with luxuriant gardens and vineyards, towns and villages, and gleaming villas of the Milanese aristocracy, with imposing mountain scenery on either side. We rode the length of the Lake and rested over night at Menaggio, opposite Bellagio. Next morning came the ride by rail over the mountains to Porlezza on Lake Lugano; thence by steamer to the charming town of that name nestled around the feet of the mountains. We had enjoyed the Victoria Hotel at Menaggio; but we had a great sense of home feeling in the Grand Hotel, formerly an old monastery but fitted up in the most comfortable and luxurious fashion, at fifteen francs, or less than three dollars per day. Next morning we took boat again for Ponte Tresa, then the steam tramway for Luino on Lake Maggiore, winding along the river Tresa which forms the boundary between Switzerland and Italy. Part of the time we were in the land of the Swiss, part of the time in Italy so that the custom-house officers were busy with our baggage

and we were busy looking after it. "I have just read an account of a party who travelled a thousand miles in Europe without losing his trunk once." "O, I know. The party was an elephant."

At Luino we embark on Lake Maggiore, the Lacus Verbanus of the Romans, nearly forty miles in length and less than three in breadth, its banks covered with orchards and vineyards. We sail down these charming waters, deep green in the north, deep blue at the south past Pallanza and Baveno to Stresa with its picturesque views of the Borromean Islands. We spend three days in this enchanting spot, so suggestive of rest and calm enjoyment. The shores of these Swiss Italian Lakes with their charming scenery make an earthly paradise of unrivalled situation and delightful climate. All day Sunday a fierce storm was raging but next morning the lights and shadows cast a changing hue of gorgeous effect over valley, lake and mountain-sides, and we gazed upon a unique panorama, from snow-clad peaks to green slopes of vine and fruit trees, scattered islands and blue expanse of water. We are in one of God's great art galleries, every island a picture, every picture a masterpiece! Isola Madre with its orange and lemon trellises; and Isola Bella with its Château and garden laid out in the old Italian style, its terraces, rising one above another with grottoes, arbors and statues intermingled with oleander, magnolia, cedar, laurel, camellia, orange trees—how like fairyland! How uplifting such communion with nature. Canon Kingsley has well said "Beauty is God's handwriting; a wayside sacrament; welcome it on every fair face,

every fair flower, and thank for it, Him the fountain of all loveliness and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes—it is a charming draught, a cup of blessing."

But we cannot linger longer here; we hear the call of the mountains and are hastening on to scenery still more sublime.

XI

THE LAND OF THE MOUNTAINS

Talking with a ministerial friend about our European trip, he said, "Go to Zermatt. It is at the foot of the Matterhorn." Acting upon his suggestion, we arranged with that master organizer of tourist trips, Arthur W. Robson of Baltimore, for a visit to Zermatt, which is off the general line of travel, for the main route from the Italian Lakes to Switzerland is over the St. Gotthard railway to Lucerne. How we have to thank our friend for the hint; for this journey has been one of the most uplifting and delightful of all our experiences.

We took train from Stresa to Domodossola, the Italian end of the Great Simplon Tunnel, which is nearly twice as long as Mt. Cenis, and has already cost fifteen million dollars, though the second parallel tunnel is not yet completed. We are thirty minutes in rushing through the mountain's rocky heart. But there is no discomfort, the air is fresh; and an electric engine carries the train through the tunnel. We come out at Brieg and go on to Visp. Here we take a rack-and-pinion railway of twenty-two miles to Zermatt. Such a ride! Deep valleys, fearful gorges, lofty waterfalls, with glimpses now and then of the stupendous Matterhorn, the lovely Queen Monte Rosa and the Breithorn, a majestic snow dome, until

ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN

we reach Zermatt, the highest mountain village in Europe, for it is over five thousand feet above sea level. All around us are the great mountains; the rock pyramid of the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, and other stupendous giants of the Alpine world. How I love the mountains, those Cathedrals of God, with their gates of rock and altars of snow! "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains." The Gornergrat Railway takes you to a rocky ridge ten thousand feet above sea level, where the spectator is surrounded by snow peaks and glaciers; those huge ice-rivers which once seen can never be forgotten. Do not ask me to describe the grandeur. What a contrast to pass in a few hours from the matchless beauty of the deep, clear, blue-green Italian lakes surrounded by mountains crowded to their very summits with box trees, their slopes rich with olives, chestnuts and walnuts; to the stern sublimity of great rock masses, precipices and fields of snow, with little chalets clinging to their steep sides and the air instead of being soft and warm, rare and chill and difficult to breathe.

The Matterhorn fascinates the eyes. From my hotel window I continually gazed upon it, turning away from the beautiful dazzling snows of the Breithorn to its huge peak and glaciers. At night I arose several times to gaze upon it in the moonlight. No wonder it had such a fascination for Mr. Whymper, its first conqueror. Its head had towered drearily aloft into the clouds, unconquered and untrodden. It was considered inaccessible. But at twenty-two years of age this famous mountain climber went forth

with axe and rope. The giant threw him and he fell two hundred feet. Three years later he conquered those iron precipices and snowy abysses. It was the crown and climax of his life. But in descending those fatal slopes of ice and crumbling rocks he saw four of his comrades unwounded, uninjured, slide down with fatal smoothness and disappear before his eyes, falling four thousand feet. Another great climber, Lord Francis Douglas, was killed on the Matterhorn. I confess to a deeper admiration than ever, of the manhood, nerve and physical ability of Bishop Warren, the "grand old man" of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church who has so recently ascended to the "Mountains of Myrrh," when I know that he climbed the Matterhorn. Leaving this sanctuary of the spirit of the Alps, this very heart of the mountain world with the unparalleled grandeur of its snow summits and the magnificence of its glaciers, we return to Brieg, to start next morning by diligence for the Rhone Glacier, the meeting place of the Rhone valley, Furka and Grimsel passes. Each carriage has five horses, and we dash off amid the cracking of whips, the jingling of bells, the rattle of harness and the whirr of wheels. No pen can picture the marvelous panorama of beauty which these famous passes afford—the deep down vales of emerald, the lofty peaks of rock capped with eternal snow, and the rapid rushing streams that pour in sparkling cascades down the cliffs. We feasted on the supernal banquet of beauty until our eyes grew dazzled and weary. As we ascended for seven and a half hours, the valley of the Rhone to its

very source and cradle, the Rhone Glacier, we passed scores of hamlets and high-hung farms, and had a good opportunity of studying the Swiss peasants. Do not go into rhapsodies over the Swiss chalets, for they are miserable, dirty little cabins. In these houses cows and goats occupy the ground-floor, while heaps of manure fill the sides of the main street; the family tenant the floor above, and the top story is devoted to the comfort of geese, chickens and other fowl. The men in the fields were mowing, the women curing the hay, or carrying wood and other burdens. The dresses of the women are short and the favorite colors are red and yellow; they wear the stockings that nature gave them and leave the impression that nature wants a washerwoman. These mountain peasantry are poor and hard working. Indeed, Swiss character is about the hardest nut to crack on the tree of European nationality. Manly and independent are these Helvetians.

> Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread
> And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.

Yet the tourists that come in shoals to their land are all as fish for their net. They are charged with being grasping and mercenary. The proverb is, "It takes ten Jews to cheat a Swiss, and ten Swiss to cheat a Genevese." Besides cheating they are somewhat given to intoxication. Yet they are influenced deeply by religious feelings, and are partly Protestant and partly Roman Catholic. The people of the Cantons through which we passed were devout children of the Roman Church and they all speak the

German language. In other sections they speak French. The Swiss are a liberty-loving people although their republican form of government was not the deliberate choice of the people. On the whole they are an intensely conservative people and are kept on their good behavior by wholesome dread of their military neighbors. Swiss soldiers have always served as mercenaries; yet they love their mountain home and when these regiments were incorporated into the French army, it was forbidden for any one to play the Ranz des Vaches, the herding call which the mountaineers sing as they drive their cattle to and from pasturage, because of its overpowering homesickness given to these Swiss soldiers. Yet the Swiss hired soldier knows how to die for those he serves as illustrated by the Lion of Thorvaldsen, cut in the rock as a perpetual witness to loyalty and courage on the part of the officers and soldiers of the Swiss guard in defending the Tuileries in 1792. Swiss guides, too, are among the noblest, bravest and most generous of men. Nor must we forget that here six centuries ago, freedom, first-born of heroic modern patriotism, sprang to life; and the grand inspiration of Tell and Winkelried still lives among these Alpine peaks out of which it has flown like an eagle, and gone forth like these rivers to the ends of the earth. Surely the liberty born here cannot perish out of Europe, while these mountains soar up to heaven.

We are nearing the headsprings of three great rivers, and it is a sublime thing to stand where mighty forces go forth to change the aspect of the world; and now, our mountain-road up which we have been

climbing, climbing, climbing, crosses the infant Rhone which dashes through its rocky ravine far below; and we enter the diligence station called Gletsch nearly six thousand feet above sea-level. Here is the Rhone Glacier Hotel. It is two o'clock, and as we breakfasted before six, we have a good appetite for dinner. Here meet the three great roads, the Rhone Valley, the Furka and the Grimsel. The Rhone Glacier with its fantastic ice-masses is a sublime spectacle. The first view of a glacier is like entering a new world. There is nothing else like it. Once in a lifetime and only once can one experience it in all its power and fulness. My first view of the Mer-de-Glace was a revelation—something one can never forget or feel again. Here from a beautiful vault of blue ice issues the baby Rhone. The tiny stream

> Begins to move and murmur first
> Where ice-peaks, fall, the noon-day beam
> Or rain storms on the glacier burst.

and on it goes dashing and foaming along in its journey of a thousand miles to the sea. We take the Grimsel Pass, one of the grandest of the Alpine passes and as we toil up the heights to an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet, the view is most magnificent. What a splendid survey of gigantic peaks! The mountains affect one like a sudden introduction to beings grander than humanity; majestic ones they are that speak but afford no answer; that give, but cannot receive, too vast, too solemn, too much rapt in heavenly communion to listen to earthly voices! They are the grandest of the Creator's works, and there is an attraction about these snow-covered

domes and spires which surpasses every other attraction of scenery. Here are these great, serious, lofty Presences looking down in a solemn abstraction, like calm gods, unmoved by our earthly vicissitudes! Here in midsummer for miles the road runs through snowfields cut down from ten to fifteen feet deep. We pass the dark and gloomy Lake of the Dead, into which the slain soldiers were thrown in the battle between the Austrians and the French in 1799; and reach the Grimsel Hospice beside the little Grimsel Lake. Down we go thousands of feet over a steep, corkscrew road with sharp turnings; on one side a rock wall, on the other savage precipices with the brawling Aare dashing along at the bottom. Never before have we seen the *facilis est descensus Averni* so finely illustrated. But the descent was made in safety and we rolled into Meiringen and found rest in the Brunig Hotel.

XII

INTERLAKEN AND LUTHER'S LAND

Meiringen is close to Brienz and a sail of eight miles over the lovely little light-green lake of the same name brings us to the favorite summer resort called Interlaken between the lakes; Brienz on the one side and Thun on the other. Here we spent a delightful week. It is a grand place to rest in, and gather one's self together for new impressions. We had spent days and nights among the most wonderful works of God. Moses on Pisgah could have had no grander vision. That mountain journey, that glorious panorama of glaciers and dazzling snow peaks, was what my friend Dr. Claudius Spencer of Kansas City would call Nature's Rhapsody; a blending of all the moods, the mystery and majesty of earth and sky, the wonderful, the unexpected, the terrific, the entrancing, the beautiful, the sublime. I have stood upon the rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona and looked across that thirteen mile chasm filled with architectural forms and endlessly varied devices painted in every tone and color known to the palette. I have stood under El Capitan, the grim old sentinel of the Yosemite Valley and listened to the music of the waters that form the River of Mercy; but never had I been so long face to face with the most glorious landscapes on the globe; listening to the many voices

with which this land of wonders speaks to us sometimes wildly, sometimes with the hush of a profound silence that stills the listener and gives him an indescribable calmness of soul; sometimes musically, grandly with the diapason voice of many waters, that sound which has been selected as the fittest emblem of the Voice of God. And now there was reaction and need of recuperation. We found all in this smiling, blossoming valley with its sanitary and æsthetic attractions, for it is a favorite resting spot, a meeting place of the whole world, the metropolis of the Oberland.

The Park Hotel with its lovely garden and quiet surroundings is just the place for rest and for near-by excursions. Interlaken is incomparably situated just opposite the entrance to the Lauterbrunner Valley which means "nothing but spring," for the waterfalls make music all day long, and there Goethe was charmed by the continual fascination of an imposing chain of snowy peaks and glacier slopes. It is also the starting point for the Grindelwald, the Glacier Village, in the midst of mountains with splendid Alpine scenery and typical pictures of mountain life. Above all in the grouping of the foreground, is the position of the Jungfrau, that majestic maiden, in the grand fulness of her spotless slopes. This is the sovereign mountain, the one inhabitant to whom our eye ever turns; the centre of life, the mysterious white soul of the universe around us. We see the snowy shoulder of the maiden queen flush with the morning light, and when night follows clad with stars, we see her face blanch into the pallor of the

TWO VIEWS OF THE JUNGFRAU

moon. Continually that silver head looms up before us; we seek it among the mists that come and go; we feel it even when the clouds have combined to shroud her wonderful presence. The Cap of Snow on the head which shines so high above us has not been taken off for ages, and this helps to carry out the personification of a maiden. The Jungfrau Railway now takes us to the very summit, thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine feet above the level of the sea. We had a day of worship also in the Presbyterian Church, and were reminded of a Sabbath spent here years before with Rev. Dr. Potts of Toronto, when we listened to a sermon from the text, "Thy righteousness is as the great mountains." A visit to Interlaken is a memory full of glorious visions.

And now we start for the Emperor William's domain. We take steamer to Thun over a lake thirteen miles in length and affording a splendid panorama of high mountain scenery. The town is unique in its situation and in the style of its houses and streets. From Thun by railway to Berne, the capital. Its heraldic emblem is the bear and we visit the bear's den, see the gigantic bears that guard the city gate and the effigies carved in all kinds of comical attitudes; look at the curious old clock, the interesting old guildhouses, and the radiant vision of the Bernese Oberland from the Minster Terrace. From Berne to Bale the scenery is so beautifully diversified so full of interest that one is continually on the *qui vive*; and he forgets the discomforts of continental travel by rail. The diligence is rougher than the

railway train, but the fresh, pure air has a bracing effect and like the touch of a magic wand, gives tone to the whole being, and seems to bring you into sympathy with surrounding nature. Yet the stage coach has its dangers. A Swiss arguing against railways said, "when a coach overturns there you are; but when a railroad accident happens, where are you?" Though travel-stained, we have a most enjoyable day; now on majestic heights looking down upon valleys and lakes resting in quiet beauty in the distance which "lends enchantment to the view;" now dashing through tunnels, or skirting deep forest or halting at stirring cities and towns. We do not stay at Bale for we are hastening on to Heidelberg so beautifully situated, where the Neckar Valley enters the great Rhine plain, famous for its university one of the oldest seats of learning in Germany, and for its Castle, the noblest wreck of German grandeur. There we spent a memorable day. We climbed the steep hill, saw the old "Tun, big as a cottage," and were so delighted with the city that we were reluctant to leave. We pause at the ancient city of Worms to see the International Luther Monument, the grandest artistic creation of our time. There is the great Reformer, around him the bold spirits associated with him in his work and between them the arms of the twenty-four towns of Germany that first embraced the Reformed Faith. We see also Luther's Tree. At Mannheim, a great flower show is being held and we traverse miles of grounds covered with flowers of every form and beauty until we are utterly weary; and are reminded of the conundrum asked during the

World's Fair at St. Louis "Why are the Exhibition Grounds at night so much larger than in the morning?" Answer "because at night every foot is an acher (acre)." We hasten on to Mayence, the old city which claims to be the place where Constantine saw the vision of the Cross. Its ancient walls have heard the music of the troubadour and often beside the river did the heart of the maiden tremble to the lay. Here lived the hero of the great drama of modern genius, the traditionary Faust. Here was the birthplace of the printing press, that mightiest engine of the human intellect. The old cathedral towers above the city, memorable alike for freedom and for song. A thousand recollections hallow this old place; memories of the proud Roman, the stalwart Goth, the chivalry of the feudal age, the dim brotherhood of the ideal world. And this we make the starting point of our trip down the Rhine to Cologne.

XIII

GLIMPSES OF RHINELAND

We had an almost ideal day for sailing down the romantic and castle-crowned river of Europe, the legendary Rhine. We left Interlaken in a deluge of rain, which continued in Berne, Bale and Baden-Baden. At Heidelberg we had cloud and shower, and at Mannheim, where the floral exhibition was in progress, even the flowers which in mass and variety exceeded anything we ever saw before, looked pinched and cold; but at Mayence the sun shone out gladdening the hearts of the pilgrims of the Rhine. We are to see great sights on this river of history and romance. "You went down the Rhine?" asked a friend of a tourist. "Yes." "Did you see any rhinoceroses?" We did not see any of these creatures, but we are to look for the Swan Tower with its dreamy traditions of the Knight who came in a skiff drawn by a swan; and walked up the terrace of the Castle of Beatrice, who was pestered with suitors, and with golden sword and shield of gold offered her his services. These she gladly accepted and the suitor proposed to marry her on condition that she never inquire curiously as to his origin and whence he came. Of course, woman's curiosity overcame her. This tradition is the origin of Lohengrin, which is sung more frequently than any other opera, but it

gives twenty-one years of wedded happiness and three sons to Beatrice before she had to put the curious and fatal question. Poets and artists of all ages have depicted the beauties of the Rhine, and greater battles have been fought for its possession than for any other river in history; and still "die Wacht am Rhein" is carefully maintained and with a greater display of military power than ever before.

Leaving Mainz, the rapid current bears our swift steamer along past fair Bingen, and other charming villages, vine-covered hills and castellated heights. We reach Ehrenfels and the Mouse Tower, where the wicked Archbishop Hatto, according to Southey, when the starving poor clamored for his grain, opened his granaries to them, then closed the doors and burned them all, calling them mice. The judgment came: mice swarmed in his palace; he rushed to his castle, and built him a tower. But they swam the river and scaled the wall and ate up the Bishop, picking his bones uncommonly clean.

> And oft at the midnight hour
> He comes in the form of a fog so dense
> And sits on his old Mouse Tower.

We pass castle upon castle, alike in ruin and alike almost in inaccessible steeps. Stahleck Castle was the stronghold of an old robber chief who fired into an emperor's boat that refused to pay toll to him as it passed.

Bacharach, a great wine-mart, takes it name from the god of the Vine. The slopes of the mountains are all terraced, and covered with vineyards.

Schönburg Castle was the birthplace of Marshal

Schömberg, who fought under the Prince of Orange and was shot at the Battle of the Boyne. Here are the "Seven Virgins," seven fair maidens of the Schönburg, who, because of their prudery, were transformed by the river god into these rugged rocks, and just below is Lorelei Rock, where the nymph of golden hair and amphibious habits, by her voice, lured sailors and fishermen to their destruction; and also a gallant young knight, who first fell in love with her and then fell into the vortex of the angry wave, resolved, no doubt, to make a splash in the world.

At Saint Goar is Rheinfels Castle, the most imposing one on the river, now the property of the German Emperor. Here are the castles of "The Brothers," who fell in love with the same lady. The younger hides his feelings, and joins the Crusaders; the elder proves faithless, and marries a Greek bride, who also proves faithless. The lady in the case, returning to the convent at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands, the two brothers become reconciled.

Boppard was founded by the Celts and fortified by the Romans. At one o'clock we reach Coblenz, at the confluence of the Moselle, and opposite is Ehrenbreitstein, one of the most strongly fortified places in the world.

Now we are ready for a table d'hôte dinner which is remarkably good, at a cost of only three marks each, about seventy-five cents. The scenery now becomes more tame until we reach Drachenfels and Seven Mountains. The Seven Mountains consist of peaks, cones and long rounded ridges, all of volcanic character. Half way up the Drachenfels, or Dragon Rock,

COLOGNE

RHINE STEAMER PASSING KAUB

is a cavern among the vineyards, the residence of the famous dragon slain by Siegfried, who, having bathed himself in its blood became invulnerable, and the wine made from the grapes grown on this hill is called "Dragon's Blood." I fear a good many bathe themselves internally, like Siegfried, for we saw a vast amount of wine-drinking on the Rhine.

Bonn is the seat of a great university, and here fine villas dot the banks. The scenery is now monotonous enough, but the river is full of life; steamers carrying passengers and tugs towing barges loaded to the water's edge. The Rhine is the great artery to the German Empire, and no wonder the possession of it has meant so much in all the history of the past.

At five o'clock we reach the City of Perfumes, the oldest town on the famous river; the camp of Marcus Agrippa, the place that resounded with the armed tread of the legions of Trajan; where Vitellius and Sylvanus were proclaimed emperors. The historic town has wonderfully cleaned up and is now a bright, wealthy city of four hundred and fifty thousand. It was said formerly the Rhine washes Cologne, but what shall wash the Rhine? Coleridge counted seventeen distinct offensive smells, and the "Eau de Cologne" is very different from the Cologne odour.

The Cathedral is the most splendid specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. In 1796 the French converted it into a hay-magazine. The towers are now completed and are over five hundred feet high. The structure is a monument of stonecutters' skill. There are seven chapels, all rich in pictures, altars, and relics, the most celebrated being

the Chapel of the three Kings of Cologne, credited with being the Three Wise Men, and their skulls are circled with golden crowns and their names set in rubies. The other famous church is that of Saint Ursula, which contains the tomb of that saint and the bones of eleven thousand virgins murdered by the Huns. Our guide seemed to credit the story, and gave us views of the bones in all shapes and varieties.

We have not time to take you to the Old Bridge of Boats or the new and handsome Iron Bridge, which spans the river; or to give you a drive through the narrow streets and gates of the old town; or along the broad and splendid avenues of the new city.

We have been greatly delighted with our second trip of the Rhine. The scenery has not the exquisite variety of the Hudson, or the majesty of the Columbia, or the weird grandeur of the Colorado; but there is a charm about the Rhine which all our rivers lack—the charm of historical association, of legend, and romance.

XIV

THROUGH BELGIUM

Our hotel in Cologne was on the Cathedral Square so that we had a constant vision of the beauty and grandeur of this finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. How its mighty proportions and majestic towers awake in us every feeling of admiration! It was our last vision at night and our first vision by day. We took train to Brussels, passing Aix-la-Chapelle, famous as the birthplace and residence of Charlemagne, where for seven centuries the German Emperors were crowned. Longfellow tells of the Castle of Franksburg and the Legend of Fastrada's ring:

> Thou knowest the story of her ring
> How when the Court went back to Aix
> Fastrada died; and how the King
> Sat watching by her night and day,
> Till into one of the blue lakes
> Which water that delicious land
> They cast the ring drawn from her hand
> And the great monarch sat serene
> And sad, beside the fetid shore,
> Nor left the land forever more.

Between Aix-la-Chapelle and the City of Lace there journeyed with us two bright and intelligent Germans, one of whom had a good understanding of English. I asked him among other things the cause

of the great increase in hotel rates since a former visit I had made. He said the cost of living had greatly increased. I inquired why foreigners had to pay so much more than their own people. He attempted to explain it by saying that the hotel people made much profit on their wines and that as a rule Americans did not take wine, so they had to charge extra on other things. It was in Germany that George III was charged three guineas for three eggs, and when the king said, "Eggs must be scarce here" his entertainer responded, "No, your majesty, but kings are."

Brussels is a fine city, wonderfully Frenchy, a Paris in miniature. The Palace of Justice is a splendid building, and its elevated location displays its superb proportions and chaste architecture. The Bourse is an imposing building and the Grande Place is one of the finest squares in existence with its guild houses, Maison du Roi, and richly decorated Hôtel de Ville. The Cathedral is a noble Gothic structure. The King's Palace is being rebuilt and is very costly and elaborate. Indeed, King Leopold could well afford to build sumptuous palaces out of the revenues of his Congo atrocities. The Arcades are very attractive and one can spend hours looking at the display of Mechlin and Bruges point lace; and the glittering gems and gold in the jewelry shops. Flanders is the cradle and heart of the lace industry. Antwerp is only an hour's ride away and of course we must see the old Cathedral which contains the two great works of Rubens, as well as breathe the air of that city which once, along with Venice conducted

through marble channels the wealth of the Orient and rose to such a pinnacle of splendor; and tread again those streets along which brave armies strode in the days of the Rise of the Dutch Republic and the struggles of the United Netherlands. The continental name is Anvers, and they tell of a fellow-countryman who complaining of the stupidity of these railroad officials, said, "I took train for Antwerp and here I am landed at Anvers." Both in Antwerp and Brussels in churches and museums, we were able to appreciate the splendid merit of Rubens and the sensuous charm of his flesh painting; the rich coloring, the exquisitely quiet tone, the marvelously skilful composition of Van Dyck, the pupil and assistant of Rubens; and the broad, bold and masterful style, the harmony of color, the true artistic beauty of Rembrandt.

At Brussels also I had the joy of making a trip, the neglect of which had been for years a bitter regret. On a former visit for some paltry reason I did not go to the historic field of Waterloo, only eleven miles distant. This time my first excursion was to this battlefield. We took train to Braine l'Alleud and then drove over the ground. What a thrill passed over us as we saw the Colossal Lion on that high mound which covers so many of the dead; and thought of that great struggle, seventy-two thousand combatants on each side, which decided the fate of Europe; the scarlet of infantry, the accoutrements of cavalry and artillery; the clash of arms the confused noise of the warriors and garments rolled in blood. We saw the farm house, la Belle

Alliance, where Napoleon had his headquarters and the old table on which he wrote his dispatches; and near it now, where the last of the old guard fell, is the French monument, a column of granite, with an eagle of bronze wounded to death, but still defending its banner.

We saw the chalet of Hougomont, the manor house which served as a castle or strong defense of Wellington and his allies and which, burning, still held out. We visited Mont Saint Jean, where the impenetrable squares of infantry stood and where the French cavalry were cut to pieces. Here Wellington remained all day amid a rain of bullets, and when Lord Hill said "My lord, what orders do you leave us if you are killed?" "To do as I do" answered Wellington, "To hold this place to the last man." These twenty-six squadrons were to meet twenty-six battalions. But the awful ravine, the sunken road of Ohain yawned between, and horsemen and horses rolled into it pell-mell and sank in that abyss, until the ditch was full and the rest marched over and passed on to meet four living walls and be almost annihilated. What a carnage it was! That awful day, June 18, 1815, cost the lives of sixty thousand men. An Irish-American soldier was asked by his major, "Pat, were you at Bull Run?" "Oi was, sur." "Did you run?" "Faith, I did sur, and all that didn't run are there yet." How many are there yet under the Lion Monument! The confederated troops lost fourteen thousand five hundred men, the Prussians sixty-six hundred more. Of the seventy-

two thousand French not one-half saw their native land again. Waterloo was a day of destiny.

We have had no cause to complain either of the beds or the food at our hotels in Switzerland, Germany and Belgium. The beds are clean and comfortable and during the cold weather, since leaving Italy, we have had feather beds over us as well as under us.

The food has been excellent in quality and in quantity and delightfully served up. "We did not like the milk we got at Cannes," said a tourist. "Well, why didn't you have some shipped from Cowes?" inquired the humorist. "I suppose you set a good table," remarked the man looking for board. "Well answered the landlady, "three of my regular boarders are laid up with the gout." "I say, landlord, your food is worse than it was last year." "Impossible, sir," was the rather ambiguous reply. We have had nothing but good food and abundance of it. The coffee, however, has been execrable. No good coffee until you reach France. "Do you take sugar and cream in your coffee?" asked a New York hostess of Matthew Arnold. The great man answered, "Neither. I only take cream when the coffee is nasty." Then having tasted the beverage, he straightway directed the waitress to bring him sugar and cream.

What has struck us everywhere has been the close scrutiny given to coins. You cannot throw down a piece of gold or silver without there being a careful testing of it. I inquired, "Why do you try the ring of every piece of coin?" The answer was because

there is so much bad money in circulation. Reminding one of the colored man who said to his friend, "Say, dis dollar you gave me is counterfeit." "Well Sam, didn't you say you wanted it bad." We have been very fortunate with our money and have not lost a cent either by counterfeit coins or by having the money of one country in our pockets after passing into another. Nothing better for travellers than the notes of the American Express Company.

XV

A RUN THROUGH DUTCHLAND

We made a delightful excursion into East and West Flanders where we have been able to dream of the mediaeval past in Ghent and Bruges, and see the frivolities of fashion at Ostend, the unrivalled queen of watering places. Our first stopping place was at the quaint old City of Bruges, so rich and powerful in the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries, when it had a population of a quarter of a million, and its canals were so thronged with shipping that it was called the "Venice of the North." It was the home of wealth and beauty, and when, in 1300, Philip the Fair, of France, with Queen Joan, of Navarre, visited the city, she said of the women: "I thought I was the only queen here, but I see a thousand others."

Here Philip the Good founded the order of the Golden Fleece more than half a century before the discovery of America. Here the Dukes of Burgundy held their brilliant court and twenty foreign consuls resided within its walls. Now, through the changes of time and the persecutions of the Spanish, the population has dwindled to sixty thousand and the old ramparts have been converted into promenades. But it still retains its artistic treasures and its mediaeval characteristics, its picturesque streets, gabled houses and quaint bridges. It is thronged with artists, and

a dozen or more will be seen at any time painting at the gateway or within the tree shaded court of the Beguinage. We make for the Grand Place, with its belfry immortalized by Longfellow:

> In the market place of Bruges
> Stands the belfry old and brown;
> Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,
> Still its watches o'er the town.

And every fifteen minutes we heard its chimes. We wandered through the city until we were weary, looking at the architectural attractions, the picturesque views, the laceworkers, sitting in the doors at work or showing at the windows their rare and costly fabrics. Then we visited the museums and churches. The Hospital of Saint John has the finest pictures of Memling, a painter whose touch and finish, whose life and grace, and delicate work are the wonder of the artistic world. The reliquary of Saint Ursula, with the designs painted on it, the groups and figures, the color and minuteness of detail make it a masterpiece which can never be forgotten. Another world-famous old city full of art treasures and glorious monuments, is Ghent, the birthplace of John of Gaunt and of Charles V, the mighty emperor. It has a population of two hundred thousand and is divided by canals into forty islands, connected by two hundred and fifty bridges. Our first visit was to the Chateau of the Counts, an old fortress-palace, founded in the ninth century, and the residence of the Counts of Flanders. We climbed the battlemented heights and perambulated the outer wall; we descended into the dungeons and torture chambers;

we lingered in its great banqueting hall. What gatherings of knights and fair ladies there, in the brave days of old.

> The good Knights are dust,
> Their brights swords are rust
> But their souls are we trust
> With the saints.

We visited the Beguinage, one of those religious establishments founded about 1200 for unmarried women of all ranks and now almost entirely confined to Belgium. Next the belfry in which hangs the celebrated Roland bell

> I am Roland, I am Roland, there is victory in the land.

attracts our attention; and we enter the old Cathedral of Saint Bavon to see that wonderful picture The Adoration of the Lamb by the Van Eyck brothers. The verger told us that it was insured for ten million of francs and that the Bishop had recently declined an offer for it by an American millionaire of one hundred million francs! Was ever such a price offered for a picture? We returned to Antwerp, the commercial metropolis and center from which we make our excursions, by way of the *Pays de Waes*, the most highly cultivated, productive and populous district in Europe. There are from seven hundred to seven hundred and fifty persons to the square mile; and it is interesting to note the women in all the glory of their polychrome garments and wooden shoes and the men with their wide trousers and curious caps. It is much like Dutchland which we are now to see.

Holland is a most delightful little country to visit. The scenery is so unlike that of any other country; the travelling so comfortable, the houses, roads, dykes, canals, windmills, costumes so strikingly different that all is exhilarating and full of charm. The historic associations are thrilling and the Dutch people possess an extraordinary force of character. When a young man, I read with intense interest Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and his "History of the United Netherlands," and formed an admiration for William the Silent, whose statue adorns the squares of so many cities, and a high estimate of a people who could fight against overwhelming odds and defy and overthrow the power of imperial Spain. Then, too, it is the home and school of art, and the Dutch art of today is maintaining the traditions of the glorious periods of the seventeenth century. Five fast trains run daily between Antwerp and Amsterdam. The first thing that strikes one is the canals that intersect the country in every direction. They are wide and picturesque and serve a threefold purpose—for traffic; for drains; and for fences and hedges. The windmills are kept swinging their great arms, pumping up the superfluous water into the canals, which are often higher than the surface of the land, and it is a curious thing to see barges moving along above the level of the surrounding country. The system of dykes, too, planted with trees, made up of earth, mud and sand and provided with bulwarks of masonry, resist the encroachments of the sea. I said to a Dutch gentlemen on the train between Rotterdam and Amsterdam,

"Are you not afraid of being swallowed up by the sea?" He asked, "Why should we be afraid?" I answered, "You are below the level of the sea many feet, and if the waters break through the dykes, you will be drowned." He said, "We are not afraid." "But," I asked, "are you not like the people living on the sides of Vesuvius? They are not afraid, but the volcano sends out its streams of lava and their homes are buried." He simply shrugged his shoulders and smiled, "We are not afraid."

Rotterdam was the first city we visited, and we greatly enjoyed the drive through the park, along the Maas, the Fish Market, the Cattle Market, the Groote Market, with its bronze statue of Erasmus, the great scholar, the Flower Market, and the busy scenes along the river, with its immense shipping and great sea-going vessels from every land. But the principal attraction was the Boyman's Museum, with its hundreds of pictures of landscapes, portraits and family groups. There is a healthy color about these Dutch painters, and they bring out the beauty of common things, street scenes, interiors and the various occupations of men and women. Rubens got his depth and warmth of coloring from an intense study of Titian, the great artist of the South.

"That lady's hair is what you call Titian," said a friend to another. The answer was, "Yes, Titian or imi-Titian" (imitation).

We went from Rotterdam to Amsterdam; or to employ the language of the lady who said, "Papa does not allow me to use swear words," we went from Rottergosh to Amstergosh. This is like the

little one who said "There's a picture of Mr. Darn." "No, no, of Mr. Dickens." "O yes, I knew it was some kind of a bad word like that."

Amsterdam has its center called the Dam. One of our party was looking for some great embankment; but it is simply the central point of the city, the focus of its business life. It has in its center a fine monument, and is surrounded by the New Kirk and the Royal Palace. We had quarters at the Royal Palace Hotel, at the very heart of this great commercial city, and queen of the seas. The various canals divide it into ninety islands and there are three hundred bridges in the city. The houses are all built on piles, and this gave rise to the joke of Erasmus that he knew a city whose inhabitants dwelt on the tops of trees, like rooks. Think of this city of nearly three-quarters of a million, with its Bank of the Netherlands, its shipping companies, its diamond polishing mills, its refineries and industrial establishments, its avenues of elms, its tall houses, all built on piles. Kalver Straat, when lighted up at night and thronged with people is one of the most brilliant streets that I have ever seen.

The new Ryks museum contains one of the choicest collections of art treasures in all Europe. On the ground floor are weapons, army and navy equipments, with flags captured when Von Tromp and the Dutch admirals swept the seas. There is an ecclesiastical section, and a section of civic and domestic industrial art, including Flemish tapestry, porcelain, glass and stone ware. But the glory of all is the gallery of paintings. There is an international room;

and a room for the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; then the early Dutch masters of the sixteenth century; a number of rooms with Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century, with guild portraits and cabinet pieces. Rubens is there, and Van Dyck and Teniers and Thomas de Keyser, and Rembrandt in all his glory. There is the Rembrandt room, devoted to the works of the famous artist; and a small annex made solely for his largest and most celebrated work, The Night Watch, so recently slashed by a vandal. One can never forget the Museum of Amsterdam.

The seat of government and the residence of Dutch royalty is The Hague. It was originally a hunting resort of the Counts of Holland, and so the Dutch name is Graven hage, the Counts Hedge. The city numbers a population of a quarter of a million. A wide and picturesque canal encircles the whole city. The squares are lined with trees and ornamented with lakes. Shady promenades and lovely wooded walks abound. Dutch nobility and aristocracy are in evidence, handsome residences are everywhere and there is an air of wealth, ease and comfort.

Queen Wilhelmina's Palace is not prepossessing, but it is sumptuously furnished. A favorite drive is to the House in the Wood, a royal villa, where the first International Peace Conference was held in 1899. The great Palace of Peace is in course of erection on Scheveningen Avenue, and a million and a half of Mr. Carnegie's dollars have been put into it. This is to be the permanent seat of the International Court of Arbitration.

The prison, with its instruments of torture for political prisoners, is much frequented by visitors; but we have had enough of such sights. Yet we cannot overlook the finest picture gallery of Holland, the Mauritshuis. Here are the very best specimens of Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Holbein, Jan Steen, Potter and Vermeer, with some masterpieces among the Italian and Spanish works. Oh, the colors of Rembrandt; the deep red and the golden brown which give to his pictures that subtle and irresistible charm. Who can forget Simeon in the Temple, Susanna at the Bath, David and Saul and that Regent picture, called the Lesson in Anatomy, which has been characterized as "the truest and most life-like presentation of the working of intellect ever produced."

Vermeer's view of Delft, that ancient city where William the Silent was assassinated and where are the tombs of the royal family of Orange-Nassau—is a simple view, but it is superior to any other landscape in the world for the truthfulness of its atmospheric and light effects, and the brilliance of its coloring. Here is Paul Potter's far-famed Bull, and Jan Steen's Poultry Yard, as well as the portrait of himself and family, a group of eleven persons. But we cannot dwell longer on these masterly works so brilliant in color and impressive in effect.

The finest gallery of modern pictures in Dutchland is the Mesdag Museum, containing the art collections of the painter H. W. Mesdag. Here are vases, Persian and Arabic bronzes, Japanese and Persian porcelain, water colors and canvases of such masters as

Israels, Daubigny, Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Bosboom Alma Tadema and others.

The port of The Hague is Scheveningen, two miles and a half away, a clean fishing village that has become a most fashionable watering place.

The Kurhaus is the center of all kinds of entertainments, and on the terrace you meet Europeans and Americans; women in costumes as old as the customs of the land, with their embroidered headgear of exquisite workmanship, and ladies in fashionable plumage, gay enough to make the humming bird jealous.

In this land of so much water we have noted the absence of the mosquito pest. My son found at one of the canals near the Ryks' Palace a little bit of New Jersey coast; but thus far we have not heard or felt the entrancing buzz or presence of the mosquito.

But the bicycle; what an abomination it is to the pedestrian. At every street crossing one is in danger of being run down by these cyclists. Worse than in Washington, they are everywhere; not only in the centers of intense activity, the rush and stir of modern life, but in by-places and villages far removed in spirit from the strenuousness of the larger towns.

Another very noticeable feature, the endless dog carts. Dogs of every shape, color and size, harnessed to two-wheeled vehicles. They tell of a benevolent member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals landing in Antwerp, and at his first sally from his hotel, he got into a row with the owner of a dog cart, and with a heavy price he bought the freedom of the dogs and got them cared for at his hotel. Next time he came back with more dogs,

saying, "I have caught another rascal." And so the work went on until he had more dogs than he knew what to do with, and the nuisance was not abated in the least. Nothing like caring for the dogs, as did the lady who said, "This is not a fit day for a dog to go out, so I am keeping my husband in."

We returned by train from Holland, where we had not a drop of rain or a single stiflingly hot day, while all around us beat the silent green waves of meadows and grain fields. We reached Antwerp in time to spend a quiet and delightful Sabbath at our comfortable head-quarters, the Hotel de la Paix and within hearing of those ninety-nine glorious Cathedral bells.

XVI

PARIS, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

We left Antwerp with regret. We had spent nearly a month in the little Kingdom of Belgium so wonderful in art, so enterprising in commerce and so romantic in history and we had made this seaport of the Kingdom and commercial metropolis our headquarters, and the comfortable Hotel de la Paix our home. We had learned the streets of the city, had gazed daily upon the Cathedral; its tall spire of carved Gothic openwork cut like delicate lace; and listened to the weird and wonderful music of its chime of bells the largest of which weighs eight tons and takes nineteen men to ring it. We had enjoyed its stained glass windows, its exquisite wood and marble carvings and its renowned paintings; among them Rubens' Descent From the Cross, and Elevation of the Cross. Indeed we had visited many of its churches, all rich with art treasures that are the envy of the world. But especially was it dear to us because there we met a son who was pursuing his art studies; and there a precious sister companied with us until a noble Englishman from Macclesfield, who had won her heart came to marry her and take her to his home. Then we also folded our tent and departed for La Belle France. We left Antwerp on a crowded train about noon and reached Paris about five in the eve-

ning having halted only at Brussels, Mons and St. Denis. At once we scramble into a carriage and dash through the crowded streets to our home in the Morbeuf District, the finest residential section of the city.

How exciting was the drive down the Rue Lafayette into the thronged boulevards, grazing carts and carriages; running down pedestrians, meeting omnibuses, motorbusses, steam and electric trams and having every moment a hair-breadth escape. It was too exhilarating altogether. But our Jehu brought us in safety to our Pension, where we received a cordial welcome. How charming to be again in the French capital. I have visited Paris at least a dozen times and it always has the same facination. True there is much to sadden and distress, for Paris has its sins. They tell of a professed Christian who wrote home that he was very much pleased with Paris and was sorry that he had not seen it before his conversion; but aside from its gilded wickedness there is a splendor of art and architecture, a glory of form and color, and a bustle and activity of the people, an exuberance of spirit and vivacity of atmosphere that is unlike any other city in the world.

The first taste that we do not enjoy is the red-tapism of the Customs. We had expressed some of our luggage through from Interlaken to Paris, expecting to find it at our Pension on arrival. But to our consternation it was not there. After waiting a day or more we set the telephone agoing, but could get no information. Then we felt it our duty to go in search of the missing baggage. We drove to the

Gare-de-Lyon and went from one place to another till finally we were directed to the "douane" or custom house. There after much search the trunks were found and then after they were opened we had to go from one officer to another, and from one room to another; and even after the examination had been made, we were unpleasantly detained until a porter should come and hand over the luggage to the coachman. Then the coachman was given a ticket which allowed him to go out, and even after he had surrendered that to the proper authority, we were met by another official who had to examine our papers to see that they were regular and that every claim had been met. It was very annoying and took up a whole afternoon during which time as Mrs. Carlyle would say, "I was in an unexampled situation."

We are giving two weeks to the French Metropolis, the City Beautiful of Europe. But how can we describe its gay population, its splendid buildings, its matchless boulevards, its sumptuous palaces and art treasures, its arches and columns, its parks and fountains? Suppose we give you our first drive through the city. We start on the Rue de Rivoli, one of the main arteries of Paris from the Palais Royal, with its gardens and galleries, that Palace erected by Cardinal Richelieu and under the Second Empire occupied by Jerome Napoleon and his son, Prince Napoleon. Going westward on the right are shop windows blazing with jewelry or costly and brilliant wares; on the left the most important building in Paris, the Louvre, with public offices and its boundless treasures of art. A little further on is the

Garden of the Tuileries, with its rows of orange trees and well-kept parterres embellished with statues and vases, and the Place de la Concorde, in the center of which rises an obelisk of Luxor, which stood in one of the great temples of Egypt fifteen hundred years before the Savior was born. On each side are fountains, with Tritons and Nereids holding dolphins, which spout water all day long. Around the Place rise eight stone figures, representing the chief cities of France. One of these is Strassburg, and annually on the 14th of July a multitude gather, make addresses and put crape and mourning garlands around it, in memory of lost Alsace. This is the spot where the guillotine was erected, that terrible instrument of death which here cut off the heads of twenty-eight hundred persons, among them Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. This was in 1792 and two years before this M. Guillotin had invented and practised cutting off sheeps heads "with his philanthropic beheading machine." It is said that the inventor died of grief at the infamous abuse his instrument was put to, when this now beautiful spot reeked with blood. On the right we see the Column Vendome, an imitation of Trajan's Column at Rome, with a statue of Napoleon at the top. It is nearly one hundred and fifty feet high and encrusted with plates of bronze forming a spiral band nearly three hundred yards long, representing battle scenes. The figures are three feet high, many of them are portraits, and the metal was obtained by melting down twelve hundred Russian and Austrian cannon. This column was utterly thrown down by the Communards

of 1871, but the scattered fragments were preserved, and it was re-erected in 1875. A little farther on up the broad Rue Royale we see the Madeleine, with its fifty-two immense and exquisitely graceful pillars, the most sumptuous and fashionable place of Roman Catholic worship in the city. Now we enter the Champs-Elysees, the most magnificent avenue in the world, the fashionable promenade and great driveway of the Capital. It is twelve hundred feet wide, and on either side are rows of trees, beds of flowers, flashing fountains and marble monumental beauties. It is nearly a mile and a half in length, and on both sides to right and left there are cafes, concerts and all kinds of entertainments in full blast. Less than half way up is the Palais de l'Elysee, the official residence of the President of the Republic.

At the head of this avenue is the vast triumphal arch, one hundred and sixty-two feet high and one hundred and fifty feet wide, called the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, because here a star is formed by twelve different avenues which radiate from it. It also is a battle-arch with bas-reliefs and figures of victory, and on the vaulting are inscribed the names of about one hundred and fifty battles and of nearly four hundred generals who fell in battle. This arch was begun by Napoleon in 1806, and completed by Louis Philippe in 1836, at a cost of two million dollars. Now taking the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne we soon reach that beautiful park of twenty-two hundred and fifty acres, the playground of the Parisians, where every afternoon the routes are thronged with carriages, motor cars and bicycles,

the artificial lakes covered with boats, and all the walks through the woods, and the cafe-restaurants, are alive with people. We are tired with the afternoon's ride and sightseeing and are glad to return to our home.

Take another day through the Grand Boulevards. There is no trouble in getting about. Cabs abound and most of them have a taxi-meter, which registers on a dial in view of the passenger, the exact amount to be paid. When you start there is a register of seventy-five centimes (fifteen cents), which is the smallest fare that can be paid, and you are entitled to a drive of thirteen hundred yards; then ten centimes is added for each four hundred and thirty yards traversed; and while the cab is waiting for you outside the shop or church or palace, the taximeter goes on registering ten additional centimes for every three minutes. They tell of a Scotchman who suddenly leaped out of a taxicab saying "I've got heart disease and it will kill me to see that little ticker knocking off two-pence every minute or two." Cab-driving is cheap but the drivers always expect a tip. Busses and trams abound, and they are all double-deckers, the outside fares being fifteen centimes, the inside thirty.

Suppose we start from the Place de la Bastille on the east and take a semi-circular route westward to the Avenue de Triomphe, which we have already visited. We are on the site of the old prison of such evil odor, destroyed at the beginning of the Revolution of 1798. The Column of July now adorns the place, and its summit is crowned with the Genius

of Liberty, standing on a globe, holding in one hand the torch of civilization and in the other the broken chains of slavery. Mounting our 'bus we pass along the great Boulevards—Saint Martin, Saint Denis, Montmartre, des Italiens, des Capucines and de la Madeleine—to the Church of that name. Now let us take a tramway car marked "Auteuil-Madeleine," and by another route we reach the Étoile. From here we take the Kleber Avenue car and alight at the Place du Trocadero. This palace of the Trocadero is one of the great buildings erected for the world's expositions. It is in the form of an imposing crescent, and its galleries are adorned with statues representing the arts, sciences and various industries. Passing down the Terrace we are at the river Seine. We have seen something of the ruin which the swollen stream has wrought in the past and the efforts now being made to prevent a repetition of such disasters. We have noticed its stone quays and the miles of old book and curiosity stalls along its banks. Now let us make a little closer acquaintance with this enchanting river and take a ride upon its bosom.

The Seine runs through Paris from east to west and divides the city into north and south, the left bank being the south, which includes the Latin Quarter. Let us take a little steamboat, hundreds of which ply from quay to quay up and down the stream, fare ten centimes.

Look around; on the right bank is the Grand Art Palace, built for the 1900 Exposition; on the other side is the Champ de Mars, and dominating all is the Eiffel Tower, the loftiest monument in the world,

twice as high as the Washington Monument at the National Capital, and giving a view from its summit in clear weather in some directions of fifty-five miles in a direct line. We are at the Pont d'Jéna, and to the south is a gilded dome surmounted by a cross. This is the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, an institution built in 1670 for old soldiers. Under this dome is a circular crypt, and in a massive sarcophagus of porphyry are all that remains of that mightiest architect of ruin, Great Napoleon; on the mosaic pavement are inscribed the names of great battles; twelve colossal figures surround the crypt, and between them are sixty flags, captured in battle, arranged in six trophies. We next come to the Bridge Alexandre III, the largest and handsomest of the thirty-two bridges across the Seine. Now we come to the Pont de la Concorde, having passed the City Art Gallery on the north side and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the other. Here we have the Chamber of Deputies on one side, and on the other the Place de la Concorde. Next we reach the Pont de Solférino, commemorating the victory of 1859. After the Pont Royal comes the Pont du Carrousel, which connects the Rue de Rivoli with the Quai Voltaire on the south. Here rises the Arch de Triomphe du Carrousel, an imitation of the Arch of Septimus Severus at Rome. It was formerly crowned with the celebrated horses of Saint Marks, Venice, but these were given back, and now the chariot and four horses represent the Triumph of the Restoration. Here the river divides, surrounding the Ile de la Cité, the oldest part of Paris; and we pass under the New

Bridge which has been so-called since it was built in the nineteenth century though now it is the oldest in the City. On one side the Palais de Justice, or Law Courts, the most interesting portion of which is Sainte Chapelle, that gem of Gothic architecture where during the days of Royalty the Court attended services. Here also is the Conciergerie, that famous prison where Marie Antoinette was confined and afterwards Robespierre, Madame Roland and other celebrated prisoners. A little further on is the venerable Notre Dame, with its twin towers and wonderful facade. This is the historic Church of France where Henry of England was crowned King of France; where in the presence of the Pope, Napoleon placed the imperial crown on his own head, then upon the head of Josephine; where Te Deums were chanted over the Saint Batholomew massacre, and which during the frenzy of the Revolution was desecrated and a ballet-dancer enthroned on its high altar as the goddess of Reason. Those double aisles and lofty vaultings were fired by the Communists, yet the historic pile still stands in all its magnificence, and you see the flying buttresses and quaint hobgoblins and big Bourbon so skilfully described by Victor Hugo. Passing one or two bridges more we reach the entrance to the Jardin des Plantes, or State Zoological Gardens: and after wandering through these we are weary enough to jump into a voiture and drive to our Pension. Here hungry though we be we have patiently to wait for our dinner because of a new cook in the establishment. Said a friend to another: "I hear your wife has turned out a fine cook?"

"Turned out a fine cook? She has turned out a half dozen of them within the last three weeks." So it goes in many of the Paris hotels and pensions at this overcrowded season, when Americans are everywhere. "Why are so many of you Americans over here in Europe?" a tourist was asked. The answer was: "The truth is, we want to look over the continent thoroughly and find out whether we like it or not. If it suits us, we may decide to take it."

Paris is brilliantly beautiful, full of luxury and refinement of taste, of ornament and show, and this makes it so dazzling and bewitching to Americans, especially American women. Punch has put it:

> Man wants but little here below,
> But woman wants it all, you know.

Here is the paradise of rich gowns and bonnets. A lady said of a petite little fashioner of gowns: "My dressmaker is not a tall modiste, and her bills are not at all modest." They know how to charge foreigners and when they see an American they begin to talk in dollars instead of francs. And they understand us better than we do them. "Did you understand the language when you were in Paris?" "Well, when I talked it myself I did." But we must not blame these mothers and daughters and wives who are here without their husbands and protectors, for was not Helen of Troy the first woman who wanted to go to Paris and leave her husband at home. Nor must we malign womanhood for she is the inspiration of all that is noble and good.

All that is perishing
  Types the ideal;
Dream of our cherishing
  Thus becomes real.
Superhumanly
  Here is it done;
The ever womanly
  Draweth us on.

We have seen Paris from the outside; but no city is more full of places of historic and aesthetic interest. There is the Musée de Cluny which takes you back to the third century and the Roman Thermes. In Caesar's "Commentaries" Paris is described as a collection of mud huts, under the name of Lutetia, the chief settlement of a Gallic tribe called Parisii. In the fourth century it was known as Parisia or Paris. We are in the Latin quarter and these gardens and baths are the ruins of a Roman palace which in the year 306 was the home of Julian the Apostate. Here are eleven thousand objects of interest and you get sculptures and paintings mixed up with altar-pieces and knockers, pottery and tapestry, lace and leather, glass and gold work, musical instruments and ivories, enamels and jewels.

Opposite this is the Sorbonne, the great university of Paris, with three hundred and twenty-five professors and teachers, and twelve thousand students. The old building was founded by the confessor of Saint Louis for poor students, and for six centuries it was the church's most intellectual force. It is the famous university of France, the center of the scholastic theology hostile to the Reformation but equally opposed to the Jesuits. We lingered in the Church

of the Sorbonne to get a view of the tomb of the great Richelieu, his cardinal's hat above it; and to see the mural painting of Theology, which contains the portraits of Sorbon, Bonaventura, Abelard, Dante, Bossuet, Pascal and others.

The Palace of the Louvre must be visited again and again, for it is a treasure house of art where the rooms are so many that it takes fully two hours to walk through them without stopping. When this masterpiece of architectural design and monumental sculpture was turned into a museum, Louis XIII began with fifty pictures and under Louis XIV they grew to two thousand. During the First Republic one hundred million francs were set aside a year for the purchase of pictures, and now to traverse these galleries is to traverse the entire history of art, French, Italian, Spanish, British, German, Flemish and Dutch. Leonardo da Vinci is there in his glory, though Mona Lisa no longer looks down upon you with her quiet indescribable smile, for that priceless marvel of art supposed to have been mysteriously stolen is now believed to have been wantonly destroyed by one of the workmen about the palace. There is Rembrandt with twenty-two of his works. The Marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese is full of portraits. The bride is Eleanor, of Austria, at her side is Francis I, and Mary of England—the musicians are Paul himself playing the cello, Tintoretto, the piccolo; Titian, the bass viol, and Bassano, the flute. Here you see Corot and Millet, Murillo and Velasquez.

O those miles of picture galleries and rich cabinets

full of rare and precious things. The paintings are grouped according to their respective countries; the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, English and French. You see here many of Rubens' historical and allegorical subjects particularly his great Marie de Medicis series. Here are Titian's Pilgrims of Emmaus, Raphael's Pope Leo X, and Van Eyck's Madonna; and Courbet's Wave in the majestic curves of a great rolling breaker; Chardin's Grace before Meat; Corregio's unsurpassed Antiope is there and Leonardo's Virgin of the Rocks with its mysteries of light and shade. Among the antique sculptures is the famous Venus de Milo. The collection of Assyrian, Babylonian and Egyptian antiquities is next in richness and vastness to that of the British Museum.

The Luxembourg is devoted to the productions of living artists, painters and sculptors. What an array of marble forms! What salons crowded with pictures! We have not exhausted them, but they have exhausted us. Here nakedness and nudity assault the eye. Some of the sculptures are very fine as also the paintings. But good art cannot be bad morals. The rooms are always crowded with visitors. "That girl is a perfect picture." "Yes, she is well painted." Here there are animated as well as canvas paintings. A walk through the gardens filled with statues of great men as well as of mythological and allegorical figures must not be omitted. Right opposite the Palace Garden, which consists of nearly a hundred acres of trees and flowers, fountains and statues, is the Student Hostel, for this is the heart of the students' Quarter, and here is an

effort to throw around these young men all healthful Christian influences.

Nearby is the Pantheon, a majestic edifice, half church and half temple of fame. It was built in honor of Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris; while the inscription upon the frieze is "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." In the vault are the remains of Victor Hugo, Mirabeau, Murat, Voltaire and Rousseau. Another treasure house is the Carnavalet, the museum of the city, with its pictures of street's inexhaustible; its relics of the Revolution and the fall of the Bastile. We have in America a relic of the Bastile, for among the curosities seen at Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington, is the key of the old prison presented to him by Lafayette. Then we drove to the cemetery of Pere La Chaise with its endless monuments to the dead. Visited, as all sight-seers do, the monument of the lovers Abelard and Heloise, and the tombs of Balsac, Faure, Cousin, Rosa Bonheur, Musset, Rossini, and other great familiar names. One of the most interesting of excursions is that to Versailles. The grand Palace of Versailles is wonderfully brilliant and beautiful, with its endless avenues, sparkling fountains, sylvan lakes, verdant lawns, colossal statues, and broad flight of stone steps leading to sumptuous rooms and long galleries of paintings of battle scenes with not a single French defeat. We wandered through those monuments of prodigality and of royal license, the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon, with souvenirs of Louis XVI, of Napoleon and the unhappy Marie Antoinette.

We have not time to dwell upon Saint Cloud, or the Sèvres, with its porcelain manufactory; but we must not forget the Gobelins tapestry manufactory. We were first shown the magnificent productions, perfect in color and design, in beauty and finish, rivalling in their marvelous delicacy the finest paintings hung in the galleries of the Louvre. They are valued at about five hundred dollars to the square foot, and each piece takes from five to ten years in making. We were then taken through the workshops and saw the workmen weaving their silk and wools of various colors. The artists are there for life, and they toil patiently on from month to month, from year to year, seeing only the knotty side before them, looking ever at the pattern, seeing the work only through a mirror, until at last, the tapestry completed, there is the fabric so costly and beautiful that it is fit only to adorn the palaces of kings. Emblem, we thought, of Sabbath school teachers and Christian workers who toil on young minds and hearts having Christ as the pattern; and trying to impress his dear image on the life, weary and discouraged, often seeing only the earthly side; but by and by, the work completed, redeemed and glorified, the living souls on which they have wrought shall adorn the palace of the King of Kings. Such honor have all his saints who serve him faithfully. Their work endures forever and shall be admired by angels and all the company of the glorified.

Paris life is one long round of gaiety; night is turned into day; theatres and operas are overflowing; outdoor concerts crowded and parks, gardens and

avenues thronged with pleasure-seekers. There is little of home life. There is no appearance of great poverty and distress. The people generally are neatly and comfortably clad. The women do not seem to be beasts of burden, as they often appear in the fields of France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. The whole city puts on the appearance of a comfortable, peaceful and orderly community. But while the outside is fair, what is going on beneath the surface? Alas, many know too well!

We have lingered in the churches, the sumptuous Madeleine, the venerable Notre Dame, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, in the tower of which still hangs the bell that sounded out the signal for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; and the white Oriental Cathedral Church which seems to hang in mid air over the city called the Basilica of the Sacred Heart in the crypt of which lie the remains of Ignatius Loyola and Vanier. We found the Protestant churches in Paris as in France suffering somewhat financially as does the Roman Catholic Church by the action of the government in withdrawing support from the churches, but they have loyally submitted to the law. The same loyal submission should be given by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. It is an injustice to the Republic of France to assume that the government is hostile to the Christian religion and is endeavoring to root it out of the nation. It is simply an effort to secure complete separation of church and state, such as exists in this country and in Canada. No free nation can exist without the separation of church and state and if the Roman

PARISIAN BOULEVARD

Catholic Church would abandon its political character and become an exclusively religious institution it would be a blessing to the world and no longer a menace to both civil and religious liberty.

We spent a delightful Sabbath morning worshiping in the Anglican Church and another in the Wesleyan Church Rue Roquepine. The sermons, the hymns, the prayers, the entire services touched the heart more profoundly than all else in the brilliant and beautiful capital—the ravishing music of its churches, the resplendent array of its paintings and statuary or the marvelous panorama of its bridges and columns, its palaces and parks of Elysian loveliness.

XVII

PARIS TO LONDON

Someone has given—it must have been an Englishman, since the English are not mentioned—this estimate of the nations: "The Americans are vulgar, the Russians barbarians, the Italians are beggars, the Spaniards cut-hroats, the Germans are boors, the Greeks sharpers, the Australians convicts, the Swiss are harpies, and the French immoral." Broad generalizations are usually absurd; many of the French are immoral but who shall say that immorality is the characteristic of the French people. They are certainly frivolous, theatric, effervescent. They drink a great deal, but not as much as one would suppose from the multitudes of men and women sitting at tables before the gay cafés. The cafés exist for conversation as well as for smoking, eating and drinking; they offer the easiest, cheapest, and most independent way of enjoying intelligent society, and in this showy, artificial outdoor life they are so volatile and voluble that they make the air ring with their mirth and social glee. They do not seem to feel the stress and strain of life. Their national fête day fell this year on Sunday, and they gave Saturday, Sunday and Monday up to festivities. It is not too much to say that on the streets, boulevards and crowded squares, for three nights, the populace

danced all night. Wake up at any time during these three nights and you would hear the everlasting music of the accordeon and the patter of feet. They are not religious. At the most solemn services in the Madeleine, when crowded to the doors, the kneeling worshippers, a little way from the high altar where they could not see the show, were counting their beads amid chatter and laughter. But they are full of courtesy, and always polite; never laugh at your blunders, but are always ready to help you out of any difficulty. An Irish gentleman utterly ignorant of French put up at the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion. Going out he lost his way entirely. After wandering about unsuccessfully for some time he found a large card and writing on it "Please tell me the way to Hotel de Lille" he hung it about his neck. Soon a man read it and beckoned him to follow. He did so silently, for a mile or so, till on Rue St. Honoré he pointed to the hotel opposite. The grateful Irishman broke the silence by thanking him effusively. "What!" exclaimed his guide, "are you an Irishman? So am I; but I took you to be deaf and dumb." Even a deaf and dumb man can make his way about Paris. Next to the trials of the language is the formidable meal of the day, the table d'hôte. Unless you have abundance of time at your disposal, you get weary with the long courses, and the great display, and constant change of plates, knives and forks. Yet you stick it out, for

> Man wants but little here below
> When eating à la carte,
> But when it's *table d'hôte* he wants
> It all, right from the start.

We had a fine day for our journey from Paris to old England crossing the Channel via Dieppe and New Haven. The steamers are all miserable and in the calmest weather, they flounder amid the waves and chops of the Channel so that it is seldom pleasant crossing that "strip of silver sea." Brighton is close to New-Haven and we spent a few delightful days in that "queen of watering places" so dear to the heart of Londoners. We greatly enjoyed its five miles of seaport, its magnificent shops and buildings, its pavilion and piers and its public gardens. We also took a trip to the Isle of Wight, with its fine sylvan scenery, its royal palace of Osborne, its quaint old town of Cowes, with its famous regatta week. Who can ever forget the bright waters of the Solent, crowded with white-winged sails; yachts with every inch of canvas given to the breeze; the *Victory* lying in Portsmouth harbor and a dozen or more of battleships, a part of Old England's mighty fleet. We hear much about International Peace but it is certainly not an age of unarmed peace when five of the leading Christian nations—Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia and the United States—are spending five millions of dollars per day on armaments.

But the lure of the World's Metropolis draws us away from the sea side and we found London as full of charm as ever, with its buildings and bridges, its parks and open spaces, its churches and museums, its palaces, brilliantly lighted shops and streets all redolent of literary and artistic associations. How can we describe a city with a population of six millions? Suppose we take it in sections.

Charing Cross is the center of the four-mile cab radius and of the fifteen-mile police radius. Close to the spot where Queen Eleanor's coffin rested on its way to Westminster is the great Trafalgar Square, with the Nelson Monument and the four colossal lions of Landseer crouching at its base. From this square we look down Whitehall toward the Houses of Parliament; in another direction is Northumberland Avenue, leading to the magnificent Victoria embankment, with its chain of gardens stretching a mile and a half along the river. In another direction toward Temple Bar, stretches the Strand, with its hotels and theatres and splendid shops, while to the north is the National Gallery, with pictures that are the nation's pride. We must spend the whole forenoon here renewing our acquaintance with Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo and the Italians, with Rembrandt, Potter, Van Dyck and Rubens, of Dutchland, and the great names in English art, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir John E. Millais, Sir Thomas Laurence, Sir E. Landseer, Romney, Watts, Constable and Turner, who is called by some "the greatest landscape painter that ever lived." In the National Portrait Gallery adjoining are one thousand six hundred portraits of eminent personages, statesmen, poets, warriors, actors, preachers, sovereigns—all who have played a part in "our rough island's story."

Not far away is another great center—Westminster—to which more than a day must be given. There is Westminster Bridge, the stately Houses of Parliament and the venerable Abbey. When we

reached London the recess had begun, and Parliament would not reassemble until November. Meanwhile the members were away feeling the pulse of grouse-land and getting ready for another great struggle over the fate of the House of Lords. The Abbey is in the form of a Latin cross, and the Confessor's Chapel behind is the burial place of kings. There is here, as Washington Irving has said, the pomp of architecture and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. "Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." More interesting even than Henry VII's and the Coronation Chair, with its stone of destiny, believed to be the stone on which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel, on which the kings of Scotland were crowned for many centuries, and upon which every English monarch has been crowned since Edward I, and on which the new King George V was seated during the coronation ceremony, is the Poet's Corner in the South Transept. Here are the tombs and memorials of the great English bards from Chaucer to Browning and Tennyson. What immortal names are here! Among them the grave of old Parr, who died in 1635, at the reputed age of 152. The North Transept is known as the statesmen's aisle. In the south aisle of the Choir are monuments to Isaac Watts and to John and Charles Wesley, with the inscriptions "The world is my parish" and "The best of all is God is with us." In front of the Abbey, on the site of the old Royal

Aquarium are the great buildings of the Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund, the Church House of all Methodism, so recently dedicated to Divine Worship. Walk round this proud palace and survey the goodly battlements of this Zion constructed in the Renaissance style, with a dome nearly two hundred feet high and side towers one hundred and fifty feet high. The large Hall will seat three thousand people. The cost was taken from the one million of guineas raised largely from the inspiring suggestion of Sir Robert W. Perks, Bart., backed by the entire Wesleyan Methodist Church. Everybody who gave a guinea has put five shillings into this Westminster building which will be for generations to come the centre of Wesleyan religious, educational and philanthropic work as well as the meeting-place of the Methodism of the world.

Of course, we must glance at Downing Street, with the residence of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer; note the Scottish office, the Horse Guards and the Admiralty. Here at Whitehall, the famous residence of Wolsey, the court was held from the reign of Henry VIII to that of William III, and "Our Palace of St. James" has been the official royal residence. On the other side of Westminster Abbey, along Grosvenor Road, which skirts the river, is the Tate Gallery, which has been called the "Luxembourg of London." This collection is one of the choicest in the world. Five galleries have just been opened and here the Turner pictures are housed. It is really a branch of the National Gallery and is controlled by the Trustees of that institution.

Another center is Piccadilly. Buckingham Palace is the city residence of the King and Queen, and the Green Park extends from it to Piccadilly. This is clubland, with Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, King Street and Saint James. "The dear old street of clubs and cribs." Here is Haymarket, Leicester Square and Soho. Up Regent Street is Shopland, with Oxford Street, Cavendish Square and Manchester Square, on the north side of which is Hertford House, that contains the Wallace collection of European and Oriental arms and armour, French furniture, Sèvres porcelain, Majolica and Limoges enamels and pictures, representing all the schools of art—priceless treasures bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace. No greater attraction can be found anywhere than this unrivalled collection of bric-a-brac and art treasures.

Our home is in Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, close to the British Museum, which deserves a visit every day, for it would need a lifetime to become acquainted with all the contents of this vast storehouse. The Reading Room, which will accommodate four or five hundred readers, is scarcely as attractive as the Reading Room of our Congressional Library; and its four millions of volumes, occupy fifty miles of shelving. There are Roman galleries of sculpture, and Grecian rooms, Assyrian and Babylonian rooms, vase rooms, bronze rooms and the room of gold ornaments and gems including the enameled gold cup and the famous Portland vase, which was shattered to pieces by a lunatic, but has been skilfully reconstructed so that

the beautiful reliefs of opaque white glass stand out in all their loveliness upon the dark blue glass.

But lest you should think that I had overlooked the city proper, let us take you to the very heart of London. Here the streets are traffic-choked with cabs, omnibuses, motors, carts, cycles and people, and a dozen carriages pass you every minute of the day. There is the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor. In the old days of Sir William McArthur I had free access here. The present mayor is a Roman Catholic, the second that has occupied the Mansion House since the Reformation. Opposite is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, the Bank of England, windowless on every side, with guards and watchmen over its one hundred millions of dollars in gold and silver, and its daily issue of about fifty thousand notes ranging from twenty-five dollars to five thousand dollars. Between these in the angle, formed by Threadneedle and Cornhill Streets, is the Royal Exchange. Straight down Poultry and Cheapside, past the Bow Church, with the Whittington Chimes, the sound of which called back the runaway apprentice to be three times Lord Mayor of London, we come to St. Paul's Churchyard and the great Cathedral. The western facade looks down Ludgate Hill. The majestic dome dominates the city, and the organ is one of the finest in the world. To attend a service here, as also at Westminster Abbey, is a never-to-be forgotten event, and we had the privilege of attending the great memorial service to Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the

Crimean Nursing Service, who had just died in her ninety-first year. Of her Longfellow sang:

> A lady with a lamp shall stand
> In the great history of this land
> A noble type of good,
> Heroic womanhood.

Close to this center also is the civic palace of Guildhall, with the giant wooden figures of Gog and Magog, where ex-President Roosevelt was honored with the freedom of the city. A beautiful crypt has just been opened to the public, which seems to be of Norman architecture. Taking another direction from the Mansion House, along King William Street, we come to the monument erected by Sir Christopher Wren to commemorate the great fire of 1666. A little farther on is London Bridge. But instead of crossing it, let us skirt the north bank of the Thames, and we are in the fishy and unsavory locality of Billingsgate, where Johnson overwhelmed a swearing fisherwoman and put her to silence by calling her a "parallelopipedon" and other geometric names of which she had never heard, and which seemed to overtop her utmost profanity. Now we have reached Tower Hill, and entering the Lion Gate, we are among the famous "Beefeaters" and amid towers and dungeons, beheading axes and coronation robes. We walk along the broad quay, enjoying the life of the river to the Tower Bridge, a wonderful structure, with its elevated footway and twin leaves, raised to allow the passage of large vessels and built by the city corporation at a cost of seven and a half million dollars.

TOWER OF LONDON

Another spoke radiating from the bank is Cornhill and Leadenhall, leading to Aldgate and White Chapel. Still another is Threadneedle and Bishopsgate Street. Within these is the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, the head-quarters of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. This street is occupied by Liverpool Street Station, and still farther northward we come to Bethnal Green Museum and Victoria Park. Another spoke is Princess Street, which leads into Moorgate Street and City Road. Here is the Wesleyan Book and Publishing House; Wesley's Chapel, the cathedral of Methodism, in front of which is his statue, and behind his grave. A little farther up is the Leysian Mission, erected at a cost of over half a million dollars, started and conducted by Wesleyans of Cambridge, the old boys of Leys School. I attended a service here and at Whitfield Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, the same day. Both missions are doing a great work for the purification of London. The great metropolis has its inferno, to which the descent is easy, and these missions are havens of refuge for the tempted. They are fortresses in the holy war against the evils that raise their dragon heads against the manhood and womanhood of the city, and from whence young knights of purity and honor go forth to fight for a righteous and godly London.

XVIII

THE GREAT METROPOLIS—MORE ABOUT LONDON

London is a universe in itself, the central city of the world. Who can know it? It is so immense that a life-long Londoner can only know part of it. Macauley, in his life had been on every street of the London of his day, but no living man has trod every street of this modern Babylon. During the past thirty years I have made ten or twelve visits, each of several weeks duration, to this great capital, but I know little or nothing of its grand entirety. The first time I crossed the Atlantic I suffered much from the *mal de mer* and day after day I lay in my berth and studied nothing but the maps of London, and when I reached the city I was able to get about with such familiarity that my distinguished friend Rev. Dr. William Morley Punshon told me that I knew the short cuts, streets and ways of the city better than did he who had been for many years a dweller in the metropolis. Yet I seem to know little more of the imperial city now than I did thirty years ago. There is no spot in the world

> So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
> As London opulent, enlarged and still
> Increasing London.

Jerusalem, Cairo and Rome cast their spell over

you, but it is the spell of the past; you forget the present in the manners of long ago. Paris and Berlin and New York are large, beautiful and full of living interests and activities, but London is full of antiquity, as well as of present day actuality. Britain, Roman, Saxon, Norman, with the long centuries of medieval and modern life are all represented here. New York is a colossal city with its sky-scrapers and endless flow of life; but bring into it the national edifices of Washington, the capitols and public buildings of the various States and you do not get the variety and dignity, the unrivalled municipal architecture of this political as well as commercial capital of a world-wide empire with its palaces, law courts, private mansions, department stores, immense hotels, museums, cathedrals, churches, bridges and monuments of every kind. Take a plunge into the tremendous river of life that flows for miles and miles through the principal streets and the tide of Broadway is but a scanty stream compared with it.

> And he looked upon the city, every side
> Far and wide,
> All the mountains topped with steeples, all the glades
> Colonnades;
> All the causeways, bridges, aqueducts and then
> All the men.

Where do they come from? This moving, surging, endless stream, this teeming sea of humanity, the towering omnibuses, black with people, wagons, carriages, victorias, hansoms, four-wheelers, pony carts, motors, bicycles, all drifting along the traffic-choked avenues with foot passengers winding in and

out on each side of the moving walls and thick masses of people. The magnitude and majesty of London overwhelms one.

Though they are getting out of date let us try the omnibus lines, those great swelling, ugly, lumbering concerns, covered with advertisements of patent medicines, theatrical plays and breakfast foods mixed up with the names of their streets and destinations. Climb to the top and rumble along Oxford, Holborn, Cheapside; or Ludgate Hill, Fleet, Strand, Pall Mall, Piccadilly and you will feel the tremendous grandeur of forming a part of an impressive procession, a mighty population lifted right in the air and looking down in conscious superiority upon titled dames in family coaches with powdered footmen and gentlemen driving their own traps or carts. Such dignity and importance does a penny confer, when you are on the top of one of those barbaric vehicles which according to Gladstone is the conveyance for doing the city for he said "See London from the top of an omnibus." Every now and then at some crossing a block occurs, a check of the mighty torrent of traffic. There in the middle of the street stands a policeman and the lifting up of his hand is a potent sceptre, for not a wheel stirs or a hoof is lifted until his arms drops and the block is over. If you are in something of a hurry take an impetuous hansom that goes twisting along amid the turmoil of traffic. What a vehicle a two-wheeled hansom is! When Mr. Choate was Ambassador, at a great function, he was mistaken in his plain evening dress, for a waiter and a noble lord said to him, "Call me a

cab." "You are a cab, sir," said Choate. The gentleman was indignant and reported to the host how one of his servants had insulted him. "Point him out to me," said the host. He was pointed out. "Oh," said the host in trepidation, "that is the American Ambassador; we must apologize." The apologies were given when Mr. Choate said, "You asked me to call you a cab, and I did it. I should have called you a *handsome*, if I could have done so." Now these horse driven cabs and omnibuses are being superseded by the taxicab and the motor 'bus, those moving and screeching vehicles of the Vanguard Company. These gigantic automobiles with their thundering tread and their stench are adding materially to the dangers of life in the Metropolis. The dust hurled by these fiery cars is not only interfering with the comfort of the pedestrians, but lowering the rent in some of the choicest sections of the West End. But the Vanguard Company alone carries nearly a million passengers a week, and some one has computed that the gain in time to these passengers over the horse omnibus is three hundred and fifty thousand hours or one hundred and nineteen years each week.

The Metropolitan Railway will whirl you underground around the mighty circumference of the city. The Two-penny Tube takes you under the very heart of central London. But the charming ride is on the Thames, "the river of ten thousand marts," which divides the immense city into two unequal parts. Take one of the little steamers at Chelsea, and as it pushes its way through the dark waters you pass on

one side the great Gothic structures of the Houses of Parliament with Big Ben thundering loyally out the passing of the hours; and on the other side Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Saint Thomas Hospital. On you glide past barges, beneath bridges, along the beautiful embankment to London Bridge, over which passes every hour a thousand vehicles and ten thousand foot passengers. Away to the right we see the gilding of the monument and the dome and cross of Saint Paul's which fitly symbolizes the ecclesiastical power of the nation and is worthy of London's greatness. On either hand tower up long rows of wharves and warehouses; and right before us looms like the gates of a great castle, the Tower bridge. The brown stone walls of His Majesty's Tower, the most historic building in Europe, appear bright and glowing in striking contrast to the memories they wake and the ghosts that must haunt the gloomy cells and bloody rooms of this old structure which founded by William the Conqueror, has heard ten thousand thunder blasts and looked out upon unnumbered storms lashing the rock-bound coasts of the seagirt isle. Now we meet lines of shipping, tramp steamers, strings of barges and lofty square rigged vessels whose sails once whitened all seas. Greenwich, with its two domes towering over pillars and colonnades of dirty white, comes into view. Here the river widens and we have to thread our way through crowded shipping till we reach Gravesend, where the water and the breezes are salt with the restless sea. We make our way back up the river in the evening when the

Thames seems almost at its best as we watch the long line of lights that glimmer from either side and are reflected in the dark waters until Cleopatra's Needle, with its rose colored granite stands out amid the magic glamor of those dancing fairy lights, and we are carried back to the Nile and to the days of Joseph and of Moses.

We must visit again and again some of the churches. First among them stands Saint Paul's Cathedral, the most prominent object, the very glory of London. It is one of the largest domed buildings in the world, and it rises in grandeur above a wilderness of buildings. It is scarcely inferior in internal effect to its older and grander rival south of the Alps, Saint Peter's of Rome; while Saint Genevieve and the Invalides of Paris were imitated from Saint Paul's. "Building is for eternity," said the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and surely this building shall stand while the city endures.

Let me call attention to what is generally overlooked in this Cathedral. The charm of Saint Paul's depends more on its proportions than on its ornamentation. The proportions are the simple ratio of one to two. In Saint Peter's fourteen architects of divergent views were employed for nearly two hundred years in building; here were only two architects, one for forty-three years, the other, Benson, for nearly two years, but long enough to spoil Wren's work by the erection of the gigantic balustrade around the dome. But observe the proportions! the aisles nineteen feet wide by thirty-eight feet high; the windows twelve feet wide, twenty-four

feet high; the domed vestibule at the west end of the nave forty-seven feet by ninety-four feet in height; the space under the great dome one hundred and eight feet in width and two hundred and sixteen feet high; the western towers are double the height of the adjacent roof. What symmetry of proportion! The decoration of the interior, is very fine with its golden glow; everything is subordinated to the architects desire to enhance the size as well as beauty of the whole building.

Just off the crowded, busy Fleet Street, is the quiet Temple Church the old headquarters of the Knights Templars, where sleeps many a brave Crusader. When the Order was dissolved in 1313 it became the center of legal learning. Here are the inner, middle and outer Temples; the Temple Gardens run down to the river and here were plucked the red and white roses, which became the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster. We visited Goldsmith's grave and sat upon the poet's tomb. We also lingered before the house of Charles Lamb and his sister.

We have given many hours to Westminster Abbey; glorious resting place of kings and great men, with its transepts, nave and choir, its chapels and cloisters and long colonnades. Its architectural splendor is great and it is furrowed with the scars and cares of many generations. In it William the Conqueror received the rite of coronation and every sovereign since, down to George V. Henry VII Chapel is a perfect gem of architecture and has been called the "miracle of the world," the stone has been robbed of its weight and density, and has had given to it the character of

embroidery. Even the stone ceiling above is as delicate as the rich leafage and flowers of a rose bush in June. Every part of the structure is covered with sculptured decorations; Tudor flowers, fleurs-de-lis, oak and vine branches and tender leaves. Here are buried several of the Henrys and Edwards, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. "Proud names are here, who once the reins of empire held." George II was the last sovereign buried in Westminster. In the nave and transepts are buried some of England's wisest, noblest and best. It thrills you to look down and see that your foot is on the grave of some world-famous man like Spenser, Chaucer, Beaumont or Livingstone. Poor old "rare Ben Jonson" sleeps in the Poets' corner in the South Transept, but he has only got standing room. One day he said to King Charles, "I ask a favor." "What is it?" "Give me eighteen inches of square ground." "Where?" asked the king. "In Westminster Abbey." It was granted and no more; and so instead of lying at ease, he has been buried standing among the memorable dead in the Poets' Corner. One does enjoy the quietude and sanctity of the sacred place, for though it is nearly always filled with visitors there is a hushed and noiseless reverence. How the Gothic structure, with its groined arches, lofty vaultings, its fretted pillars and dim windows, seems to kindle the very spirit of devotion. Wesley's Chapel, City Road, the old Mother Church of Methodism, is a spot full of sacred associations and imperishable memories. It is the Mecca to which troop Methodist pilgrims from every land.

We stand within the pulpit once occupied by Mr. Wesley and his helpers, enter the house in which he lived and the room where he died, and feel that we are very near the springs of that vast beneficent river which is sweeping on in affluent majesty through the earth. What a constellation of illustrious names shine from the memorial tablets of this Santa Croce, this Westminster Abbey, of Methodism. The two Wesleys, Fletcher, Clark, Watson, Coke, Benson, Jackson, Bunting, Newton, Waddy, Moulton, Punshon, Gervase Smith and many others. The dear old church looks well, with its memorial marble columns, representing world-wide Methodism, and its beautifully stained windows. We linger in the graveyard behind the Chapel, where a glorious company of five thousand of the early followers of Wesley await the resurrection of the just. Then we cross the road to Bunhill Fields, the Campo Santo of Dissenters, and see the grave of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism, of John Bunyan, of Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," Isaac Watts, the hymn writer, George Fox, the Quaker, John Owen, Richard, Henry and William Cromwell, descendants of the Protector, and others well-known to fame. In this burial ground of less than four acres, more than one hundred thousand have been interred. We have gone through the Houses of Parliament, the House of Commons and the Gilded Room of the Lords and the famous Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus in which so many celebrated state-trials have been held.

We have visited His Majesty's Tower, the most

ancient and historic pile in Europe; prison, palace, court; a fortress in the days of Cæsar, a Saxon stronghold, the royal residence of the Norman Kings; the magnificent home, the miserable jail of many a sovereign and child of noble blood. It is made up of towers and battlements, walls and gates. The Beauchamp Tower has held many a royal prisoner. We look into the room where Sir Walter was confined, where Lady Jane Gray was lodged,

> A rose of grace
> Girl never breathed to rival such a rose!
> Rose never blew that equalled such a bud.

In the court yard is seen the spot where smeared with blood, lay Raleigh's head, and where the Lady Jane, with a smile upon her face, lay down upon the block her lily-white neck. In the armories are stores of old arms and heavy suits of mail worn on the battlefield by the flower of English chivalry. The Jewel room contains the crowns, sceptres, jewels, all the regalia of royalty—millions of pounds blazing in diadems and coronation plate.

We have sailed up the river to Hampton Court, "Appy Ampton," the largest royal palace in the kingdom, and down the river to Greenwich, with its Royal Naval College and hospital, observatory and museum, with battle pictures and portraits commemorating the naval victories and heroes of the nation, especially Nelson, the adored admiral.

We have traveled over nearly all the bridges from London Bridge, the oldest, to Vauxhall, the latest opened. Over London Bridge pass every twenty-four hours some twenty thousand vehicles of all sorts

and one hundred and seventy thousand passengers. On Westminster Bridge Wordsworth stood in 1803 and composed his fine sonnet; and here you get one of the finest sights in Europe—on one side Saint Thomas' Hospital and Lambeth Palace, on the other the Houses of Parliament and the great Abbey. Waterloo Bridge was opened by the Duke of Wellington, and was described by Canova as "the noblest in the world, being alone worth coming from Rome to see."

Blackfriars is the bridge where Richard Wilson, the great landscape painter, used to come to study Saint Paul's. The Tower Bridge, has cost six millions of dollars, and is one of the noblest of structures.

We have seen Saint Bartholomew's Hospital and church built in 1123; Smithfield and Old Bailey; the Old Curiosity Shop; gardens, parks and monuments too numerous to mention. We have visited picture galleries galore, admiring the sea in Turner, landscapes in Gainsborough and sunsets in Claude.

The streets and squares are alive with history and literary associations. The steeple of Bow Church holds the bells within whose sound the Cockneys are born. It is on Cheapside and on the west wall is placed a tablet containing a bust of Milton. On a house on Bread street is an inscription saying that on this site the poet was born. He lies buried in Saint Giles, Cripple Gate, near-by. Dickens spent his boyhood on Gower Street and lived in Holburn when he wrote "The Pickwick Papers."

Fleet street is full of memories of Johnson. Carlyle lived in Cheyne Row, and in this house, with its

curious old closets, a German called and was shown up into his study. Carlyle was in an ugly mood, and began to abuse him for intruding upon him, when the frightened countryman of Goethe tried to get out. But the room was full of doors. He pulled off one button and opened the door, but it led into a cupboard of books; then another, and another until finally he found the right door and made his exit. Carlyle came down to his wife and sister to pour out his indignation against the poor German, who had pulled off all the buttons of his closet doors. They were so convulsed with laughter that the disgruntled Sage of Chelsea saw the comical side of the matter and laughed heartily also.

Near Carlyle's house, in Cheyne Row, lived George Eliot after she was married to John Walter Cross, and here she died. Macauley lived on Sloan Street and later in Great Osmond street, and died at Holly Lodge, Kensington. Thackeray attended the Charter House School, and lived on Onslow Square, South Kensington. Half the charm of the city lies in the memories of the mighty dead. Riding along Blandford Street, Portman Square, I noticed on a humble dwelling a tablet with the inscription "Michael Faraday, Man of Science, was an apprentice here." The Society of Arts is doing a good work in thus marking the historic houses of London.

They tell of the historian Prescott, who was looking for Rose Street, Covent Gardens where Dryden had sundry adventures, and calling at a green grocer's, he asked the woman if she knew anything about Dryden. She answered "No; I have not heard of

that name among the neighbors, but here is a directory which you can look at." "O," said he, "I am looking for a poet that died one hundred and fifty years ago." Her answer was, "We haven't any directory for dead people." The Society of Arts is furnishing something like such a directory.

XIX

ENVIRONS OF LONDON

London on its south side, across the river, is Surrey There are many delightful rambles both in the city and in the country beyond. Kew Gardens is a favorite resort. Its lakes and fountains, tropical palms and plants, its conservatories and pagoda, its museums and flowers, its velvet lawns and shady walks, are the finest in the world. We gave the better part of a day to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, Surrey. How enchanting is this rural paradise, away from the dust and smoke, the noise and tumult of the surging metropolis, with velvet lawns, circle of stately elms and beautiful undulating grounds of two hundred acres or more. The palace once a mountain of light, is somewhat faded and is now used for Handel Festivals, concerts, entertainments, flower shows and such like. In the center of this lofty translucent vault is the great organ and the mighty orchestra, and we took in the afternoon concert. In the evening, fireworks form the great attraction, and late at night with many thousands we make the seven-mile journey back to London, sated with enjoyment and glad enough to find rest.

A favorite excursion is to Canterbury, the Metropolitan See, with its Cathedral of grandeur, exhibiting every specimen of architecture from the earliest

Norman in the stairway to the latest English in parapet pinnacles and richly groined roof. Its form is that of a double cross and the effect of the Lady Chapel and of the gorgeous shrine of Thomas à Becket who was murdered here, is truly magnificent. Rochester Cathedral is on the way and its simple form of architecture with the old Norman Castle built by Gundolph, the Bishop of Rochester, in the latter part of the eleventh century, make together an impressive picture. Saint Albans is another Cathedral city close to London. It is the Oppidum of Ceasar, the fifth century Roman city of Verulamium, the tenth century monastery of Saint Alban, the Proto-martyr of England.

Most imposing is this old Abbey Church raised to the dignity of a cathedral; but the only portions now left of Paul of Caen's original Norman structure are the tower, nave and transepts. We visited this old city which played so prominent a part in the Wars of the Roses, in connection with a trip to Bunyanland in Bedfordshire embracing Elston, Luton, Bedford and the winding Ouse where the Immortal Dreamer saw heaven opened and pointed the whole world to the splendors of the Delectable Mountains, and of the Heavenly City.

We spent Bank Holiday, which is always the first Monday in August, in Hampstead Heath, a fine stretch of real country, high above the cross of Saint Paul's and filled on holidays with several hundred thousand pleasure-seekers. Such a time as we had watching the children swing, ride ponies and donkeys, throw balls for cocoa-nuts and engage in every vari-

ety of play. We witnessed sword exercises by famous Guards and great displays of strength, as well as morbid conditions of humanity, as the man, half-fish, and half flesh. A good deal of unreality no doubt in the make-up, reminding one of the complaint brought before one of the Bishops that a Clergyman was wearing an Oxford Master's-hood; when in fact he had no such degree. "I call it, my Lord," said the complainant, "wearing a lie on his back." "We need not use quite so strong a word," replied the Bishop very blandly; "call it a *false*hood." Most of all did we enjoy Punch and Judy—a puppet show which has amused the English people since the days of Charles I. The "Spectator" tells us that when the famous puppet showman Powel exhibited his wooden heroes opposite Saint Paul's church, his performance thinned the congregation in the church.

I believe Punchinello is an Italian importation and that he had a "scolding wife." After the Battle of the Nile, Lord Nelson figured on one of the street stages saying, "Come Punch, my boy, I'll make you a Captain if you like." "But I don't like it." said Punch, "I shall be drowned," "Never fear that," answered the Naval Hero, "He that is born to be hanged, you know, is sure not to be drowned." We returned home weary with the amusements of the day. Madame Tussaud's waxworks give endless entertainment. The old lady died at ninety after modelling in wax over two hundred figures of celebrated characters and historical groups.

Hampton Court is another delightful place of recreation. King Harry used to spend a good deal of

his time here after the Palace passed out of Cardinal Wolsey's hands into his own and here he married Catherine Parr. The state apartments, the Picture Galleries, the big grape vine are all worth seeing, and in the Maze you do get tangled up and find it hard to get out. It is like that riddle "I went to India and I stopped there. I came back from India because I never went there." What is the solution? It is to be found in a watch.

XX

ZIGZAGGING THROUGH ENGLAND

We are on our way to the "North Countrie" and take as much of Old England, by the way as is possible. A railway ride of twenty miles by the Great Western brings us to the castellated palace of Windsor adorned and glorified with all that wealth can procure, art achieve or affection dictate in eight hundred years of English sovereignty. It is approached through the loveliest pastoral scenery of the old land. What a vision bursts upon us as there gleam from afar the cloud-capped towers and royal banners that have stood for nine centuries the symbols of Great Britain's power. It is the high place of knighthood, the permanent abode of living royalty, the residence of the sovereigns of England. How can we ever forget the South Front, the Mighty Keep, the Chapel of Saint George with its monuments, stalls and banners of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, or the apartments of the royal residence adorned with gold and silver and precious stones, with the choicest mosaics, the finest tapestries, the richest glass, the best paintings and the most life-like statues of the great masters. We drove along the fine avenue of elms called the Long Walk beyond the stately Mausoleum of Frogmore, where rest Queen Victoria and her husband Prince Albert; then to Eton, the famous

English school filled with the flower of youthful wealth and aristocracy, and on through picturesque scenery to Stoke-Poges, where the poet Gray lies in the same tomb with his mother, whose loss he so deeply lamented, in his immortal poem. Every object around reminds one of his "Elegy;" the "ivy-mantled tower," the "rugged elms," the "yew trees' shade," the "peaceful graveyard" "with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked;" the "fields and lanes;" while in the distance is seen the outline of the Royal Castle of Windsor and the antique towers of Eton.

Returning we take train to Oxford, the city of colleges with its stately palaces and noble buildings, its many chapels and cathedrals, each "dyed in the soft checkerings of a sleepy light," its shady walks and grounds and grassy quadrangles, its alcoved libraries and museums filled with treasures of every kind. And what shall we say of this venerable seat of learning, scholastic, dignified and serene with its memories of ancient Danes, kings and queens, bishops and monks, its storied pomp and splendor, and its Sheldonian Theatre, where on university occasions the notabilities of the nation gather.

A short way from Oxford is Stratford-on-Avon where the Immortal Bard was born, the myriad-minded Shakespeare, the kingly monarch of poetry, the master singer of the world. Dante belongs to Italy, Milton to England, Goethe to Germany, the Bard of Avon belongs to universal man. We stop at the Red Horse immortalized by Washington Irving; visit the Shakespeare house and enter the

WARWICK CASTLE

humble birthplace itself; or see the Memorial Building with its fine relics; walk across the fields to Hathaway Cottage, the Mecca of his courting days; and enter Trinity Church, where the Bard of Avon sleeps his last sleep his bones undisturbed. Everywhere we feel the atmosphere of the place and realize how great a soul once dwelt in this humble village. Shakespeare's fame is growing with the march of the centuries. In London and in other cities they are forming Shakespeare gardens to cultivate the one hundred and ninety flowers and plants, consecrated by the poet's verse, where every bower and arch and valley shall be

> Canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk rose and eglantine:

and pansies which maidens call "love in idleness;" and carnations, the fairest flowers of spring, with daffodils "that come before the swallow dares," and "violets dim but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytheria's breath.

We are now within eight miles of Warwick, with its famous castle which Sir Walter Scott pronounced the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor that remains in England. Its massive walls rise like a cliff in air and dominate the whole landscape as well as the old town. It is said that one of the Earls of Warwick maintained thirty thousand vassals on his own estate. Everything delights the eye here, towers, turrets, bridges, lawns and state-rooms crowded with priceless relics of antiquity, paintings of Reynolds, Rubens, Van Dyck, Murillo and Titian, costly tapestries, vases, china and enamels.

Next we take the famous drive from Warwick to Coventry passing Guy's Cliff and that old castle made immortal by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, "Kenilworth;" home of feudal power and courtly pomp, now a sublime wreck of time with its gray old towers and ivy-mantled walls. Here Dudley, Earl of Liecester, spent four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in seventeen days entertaining Queen Elizabeth. Here occurred the tragedy of Amy Robsart. What interest gathers about these mouldering historic structures always mantled with ivy!

> For creeping where no life is seen
> A rare old plant is the ivy-green.

An Englishman once called upon Longfellow, offering as his apology the remark, "You know you have nothing old in your country, no old cities, castles or abbeys and so I have called on you." Said a lady lover of poetry, "Mr. Goodfellow, don't you admire 'Locksley Hall'?" The reply was, "Well, I do not know as I ever saw the building." One who has seen Kenilworth can never forget it. He can easily reconstruct in his mind's eye the ancient festal splendors of these vaulted halls.

We drove on to the City of the Three Spires, Coventry, wearing in its crown a sparkling Koh-i-noor of legend. Everywhere you get a reproduction of "Peeping Tom" and a hundred reminders of the story of the little dimpled lady who for the love she bore the poor,

> Took the tax away
> And built herself an everlasting name.

English landscape is something of which one never tires and we have been passing through the most charming scenery of motherland—hills cultured and of delicious beauty, lawns soft and clean shaven, meadows refreshingly green, well-trimmed hedges, woodlands, picturesque lanes, gentle, clear streams, mansions of wealth and taste, and antique churches covered with ivy—the entire face of the country adorned as a bride for her husband.

We have reached Birmingham, once called the toy-shop of Europe, a department now monopolized by Germany, though Birmingham still holds her industrial supremacy and is the workshop of the world. What a center of British inventions! The first thread of cotton spun without the aid of human hands was a Birmingham invention subsequently improved by Arkwright; the first practical gas plant was invented here, sulphuric acid was produced and first applied here; the electro-deposition of silver and gold was invented here and hundreds of manufactures from the making of buttons and buckles to sheathing metal for ships; all, all show the world's indebtedness to this busy metropolis of the midland counties. A short ride through the Black Country grimy and black by day and red by night, brings us to another manufacturing center, Sheffield, the metropolis of steel, a huge Jackknife in this valley of Vulcan. Here a friend entertained us with a coach ride to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth. What a delightful ride along the lively little Wye, through fertile valleys and over gentle hills in that "pleasant district" described in "Ivanhoe!"

Haddon Hall, the property of the Duke of Rutland, is one of the noblest and best preserved of all the old baronial mansions of England. One can never forget the majestic tower of the time of Edward III, the great kitchen, with its huge iron spit, the old dining hall, with the rough oak table, raised a step for the lord and his family; the state bedchamber and tapestries wrought by cunning fingers in the long ago.

Five miles further on is Chatworth, the "Palace of the Peak," the splendid seat of the Duke of Devon. It is an Italian palace—a Hadrian's villa set in rare English scenery, unrivaled in extent and magnificence among all the palatial residences of the aristocracy of England.

I spent a few weeks recently in Ashville, North Carolina, and visited Biltmore, the affluent chateau and estate of one of the Vanderbilts, which will one of these days rival the most splendid seats of European aristocracy. But it will be many a day before his art gallery can touch the paintings and sculptures in this treasure house of medieval and modern art, and before his vast and varied garden, laid out by the skill which has made Central Park a marvel of beauty, shall contain the surprises and perfection of charm which these opulent grounds possess.

We lunched in the park under the spreading trees in the queenly valley of Derwent, the rich sweep of soft green turf dotted by deer and cattle, with the hills in the blue distance; and then enjoyed the drive back drinking in the green of the earth and the blue of the sky until we reach the grimy city.

The ride to Leeds, the capital of the clothing dis-

trict, takes us through a region of hills and valleys and fine rural landscape, but the streams are not pellucid and bright; they all run black and blue with the stringent juices of all the woods and weeds of the world used in dyeing the wools of all the continents.

Ilkley in Wharfdale is a pleasant resort with old Roman baths, for this was a bathing place of that bath-loving people; but Harrogate, twenty miles away is the fashionable "Spa" of the North.

Near Harrogate, is Fountains Abbey, in its day one of the most important of the monasteries of Great Britain. It is more majestic than Glastonbury, in Somerset, though it has not the religious antiquity of that abbey of Avalon, the Glassy Isle or Isle of Apples, so familiar to all lovers of Arthurian romance as the resting place of Arthur and Guinevere, which Tennyson pictures as "the island valley of Avilon, where falls not hail or rain, or any snow, nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies deep meadowed, happy, fair, with orchards, lawns and bowery hollows crowned with summer sea." The monks built well, for these bare walls and delicately carved arches bear the unmistakable traces of their former beauty and grandeur. To serve God by quitting the world was the highest ideal of medieval Christianity; while the tendency and ideal of the religion of the day are for church work and activity to take root and ground where men gather thickest for business and trade, and in the crowded centers of industrial life.

From Yorkshire we enter Lancashire crossing the Pennine range, called the backbone of England.

How these hills were darkened and reddened and covered with blood during the long war of the Roses. We are moving toward auld Scotia and

> Weary with wandering in the desert world
> Gladly we turn to old Lancaster.

The chief interest of this royal old city centers in the castle that monument of time and mighty relic of Roman, Saxon and Norman greatness. The Roman general, Agricola, erected a fortress here, which the Picts and Scots practically destroyed in the fifth century. At the Norman Conquest Roger de Poictou erected a massive keep which is eighty feet square with walls ten feet in thickness.

When John of Gaunt, in 1362, was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Lancaster he built the gateway tower, a majestic entrance to this noble structure.

This formed the ancient watch tower, and a blaze was kindled in it so as to warn the country roundabout when danger threatened. Macaulay referred to this beacon tower that helped to flash forward the news of the approach of the Spanish armada.

> Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned
> On Gaunt's embattled pile;
> And the red glare on Skiddaw roused
> The burghers of Carlisle.

We made Lancaster the starting point for our excursion to the Lake District. A railway ride of an hour or so brings us to Bowness, on the shores of the beautiful Windermere. Here a little steamer takes you the entire length of the lake, which is some eleven miles long and a mile wide.

There is something exquisitely soft and delicate about these English lakes. They are not large and grand like our Erie, Ontario or Huron. The little lakes of Central and Western New York are emeralds set among the hills, but the hand of taste has not smoothed their shores and covered every nook and cranny with some quaint charming dwelling whose velvet lawn comes down to the water's edge.

Muskoka lakes, north of Toronto, Canada, are quite as beautiful, but their shores are rockier and sterner, while there are no mountains and fells, pikes and passes peopled with fairies and the homes of poets and artists. What a lovely panorama of island, crag, lake and stream extending from Bowness and Ambleside to Grasmere, of which Mrs. Hemans sings:

> O vale and lake within yon mountain urn
> Smiling so tranquilly and set so deep.

At Ambleside we take coach for Grasmere, at the head of Grasmere lake, passing Rydal village, located in the hollow between Loughrigg Fell and Nab Scar. Near the lower end of Rydal water, and just off the road, a bird's nest on the mountain's side, is Rydal Mount, a little yellow-plastered house, almost hidden behind larch trees, shrubs and vines, the home of the Poet Wordsworth. Among these hills he was born, and beholding the glory of "The vast hills in fluctuation fixed," he could look up to the Creator and say, "Me Thou didst constitute a priest of Thine."

Here he learned "To look on nature not as in the hour of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes the still sad music of humanity." He was, indeed,

a Christian poet and discerned "God in the human soul, and God in all things."

We went into the churchyard.

> Beautiful and green,
> A heaving surface almost wholly free
> From interruption of sepulchral stones,

and saw the graves of the poet, his beloved sister and his only daughter, Dora. Here, also, covered with a cross, crown and thorns, with the inscription, "By Thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver us," is the monument of poor Hartley Coleridge.

The road up Dunmail Raise was a favorite walk of Wordsworth, and here the scenery becomes wild and grand, for here are the two Scawfell mountains, one of them the highest peak of England.

We crossed the mountains to Keswick which is nine miles from Grasmere, and from Castle Rigg you get an extensive view, according to Southey and Coleridge, the finest of the lake region; the broad resplendent vale of Keswick, the lovely Derwentwater, a forest of mountains, with their marvelous tints with Skiddaw and Helvellyn rising above all.

Keswick is at the foot of old Skiddaw, the "mountain of horns" with

> His double front among the Atlantic clouds
> And pours forth streams more sweet than costly.

It is bordered by the Derwentwater, where Turner painted, and Romney grew to fame. Through it runs the sinuous Greta, "the loud lamenter," and around it are the guarding mountains which to Lamb "seemed great floundering bears, monsters all couchant and asleep."

Of Keswick, Ruskin wrote "when I first saw Keswick it seemed a place almost too beautiful to live in."

We did not climb Hellvellyn or Skiddaw, but we did scale Castle Head, where we had a splendid view of the whole expanse of Derwentwater with its lovely isles and of Bassenthwaite and even Criffell away in Dumfriesshire. We walked to Frair's Craig, sailed over the clear waters of the lake, enjoying the most delicious views eyes ever beheld. We made coach-drives through valleys and over hills amid a tempestuous sea of mountains and reached the spot

> Where Derwent rests and listens to the roar
> That strews the tremulous cliffs of high Ladore.

From mountain heights we listened to the voices of many streams

> Murmuring from Garamara's inmost caves

and made the steep and dangerous descent to Buttermere and drove on to Crummock Lake where we stopped to lunch and paddle over its charming waters. Next we toiled up mountains, green-walled or resplendent with bracken and felt the silence sink into our souls when as Carlyle puts it "man and nature are one in the silence and the solitude, one in the murmur of eternity which on the solemn mountain heights may be heard." From these serene heights we made a long descent into the Newlands Valley with Saddleback in front of us and through soft, peaceful scenery back again to Keswick. The tourist cannot leave this place without seeing Greta Hall, the home of Southey for forty years, where Coleridge spent two

years with his wife and little Hartley, then six years old and such a "Joyous creature that often five minutes after his mother has whipped him, he has gone up and asked her to whip him again." We also linger in the Crosthwaite Church where a church has stood since A. D. 553 in honor of Saint Kentigern and Saint Herbert. We sit in Southey's pew, pass down the aisle and look at his best portrait in stone, the epitaph written by Wordsworth and then walk round by the church tower to his tomb. We are so surrounded by the ghostly presence of great poets and artists that we would not be surprised to meet Wordsworth himself in his blue cape and cutaway tail coat with umbrella always under his arm, spouting his poetry all day long to his dearly loved sister Dorothy, who walks by his side, brown of face and tanned to the color of a gypsy.

We can tarry no longer at the lakes and as we are close to Penrith we hasten on to Carlisle and are rapidly whirled away to Edinboro', the Scottish capital.

XXI

IN OLD SCOTIA

We are in Scotland, the land of the thistle, the heather and the fern; the land of oatmeal and barley cakes; the land of claymores and tartan plaids; the land of philosophers, poets and great men.

We had a taste of Scotch weather in the "Modern Athens," as picturesque and charming Edinboro' is called. It had been raining from the time we left the north of England; but had cleared as we entered the metropolis, so that our first afternoon and evening were pleasant enough. But next morning, when we were to give the entire day to sight-seeing we were treated to a regular downpour of rain. However, this did not dampen our spirits, for our carriage was covered, and we started for Calton Hill. We missed the magnificent views of the city and surrounding landscape which this spot commands, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Craig, the shores of the Firth of Forth and the Port of Leith. But we saw the observatory, the monument to Playfair, the mathematician, Dugald Stewart's monument, Nelson's monument, the National monument, commemorating Waterloo and intended to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens. Lower down is the monument to Burns, where one gets a striking view of the quaint gables and myriads of chimney pots hundreds of feet below. Our next

drive is to the Palace of Chivalry and Romance, Holyrood, the residence of the ancient kings. It is of interest chiefly on account of Mary Stuart, the beautiful, brilliant, hapless queen. How each room seemed to unfold its tragic story. There are Lord Darnley's rooms, Queen Mary's apartments, the audience-chamber where she had her stormy interviews with Knox; the bedroom with its canopied bed and mouldering finery; and the private supper room, the scene of the palace's great tragedy. You are shown the spot where the Italian Rizzio lay pierced with fifty-six dagger wounds. One would hardly be surprised to see the ghost of Mary or Darnley or Rizzio starting up from some of these rooms!

The Chapel Royal, founded by David I, where Charles I was crowned in 1633, is now in ruins, but the fragments that remain give traces of the florid Gothic architecture of the fifteenth century. Many Scottish kings and queens are buried here. Next we drove along the Canongate toward the castle. The Canongate; how its glories have departed! Formerly the abode of wit and wealth, rank and fashion, beauty and power. Ferguson, in his "Satire on Court Ladies," says.

> The lassies o' the Canongate,
> Oh! they are wondrous nice,
> They winna gie a single kiss
> But for a double price.

Now it is one of the most squalid and execrable of streets, full of all vile smells and odious sights. Where are Moray House and Queensbury House, and the mansions of aristocracy? From the windows of

those peaked and gabled, eight storied, tumbledown tenements, fair eyes looked down two or three hundred years ago, where now only frowzy heads are seen. Gallant knights and highborn dames once thronged the pavement over which barefooted and repulsive-looking women and dirty half-naked children walk. Here are well-known closes, among them Whitehorse Close, the rendezvous of Prince Charles' army officers; Baxter's Close, the residence of Burns when in Edinboro'. At length we reach the Castle Rock and the old military fastness, the ancient Caledonian stronghold. The venerable castle, perched on a rock whose three sides rise precipitously three hundred feet above the surrounding valley, is full of historic associations. The walls vary from ten to seventeen feet in thickness and the armory contains rich specimens of ancient weapons and armor.

Saint Margaret's Chapel in the Citadel is the oldest building in Edinboro' and is of Norman architecture. In front of the little church is Mons Meg, employed in the siege of Dumbarton in 1489, and often used in the Civil War. When Cromwell captured it in 1650 it was called "the great iron murderer Meg." The Crown Room contains the Scottish Regalia, the crown worn by Bruce, the sword of state presented to James IV by Pope Julius II and the sceptre made for James V. There is also a golden collar of the Order of the Garter and a ruby ring set around with diamonds, the coronation ring of King Charles I. Queen Mary's apartments are shown and the old Parliament Hall. The dungeons beneath the keep are dreary vaults dug out of the solid rock, and many

a tale of bloodshed could this old castle tell. The view from the ramparts is almost unrivalled. At your feet the Old Town with its gray walls and relics of antiquity; and the New Town with its streets of stately architecture, its gardens and trees, its churches and colleges, it hospitals, museums and elaborately ornamented structures; beyond are the hills of Fife, while seaward

> The gallant Firth the eye might note
> Whose islands on its bosom float
> Like emeralds chased in gold.

On the spacious parade ground we enjoyed the brilliant spectacle of a review of the Highland Regiments, stationed in the Castle, and the showers of rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd of onlookers. Descending the Castle Hill we pause at the County Square, where the figure of a heart outlined on the footpath marks the site of "The Heart of Midlothian."

Here is Saint Giles, the Scottish Westminster Abbey, with monuments to distinguished Scotchmen, but famous for the incident of July, 1639, when Charles had ordered the English service book to be used and as the dean announced the Collect for the day, Jenny Geddes, who, like most of the other worshippers, had brought her folding stool, cried out: "Collick did ye say? Would ye say mass at my lug?' and away went the stool at the astonished cleric's head. The stool started the battle between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism; and the struggle was waged until it ended in the utter defeat of the Prelacy.

EDINBORO'

Lower down High Street is John Knox's house. We inspected the relics of the great reformer, and as we looked out of the window from which he preached to the multitude on the street and sat down in his own chair in his little study we prayed earnestly for the spirit of that hero of God who gave to Scotland her priceless heritage of freedom, education and religious equality. Next, to the churchyard of Canongate Church, where lie buried Adam Smith, author of "Wealth of Nations," Dugald Stewart, Ferguson, the historian, and Ferguson the poet. Then, the Gray friars, with its tablet to the memory of seventeen thousand martyrs, "noble martyrs for Jesus Christ." We enjoyed Princes Street from end to end, and were never weary with looking at the Scott Monument, the admiration of Europe, with the marble statue of Sir Walter underneath its Gothic arches.

We make the tour to Glasgow by the Trossachs going by train the first part of the journey, crossing the Forth by the great bridge, skirting the field of Bannockburn, past Sterling, whose frowning castle situated on the brow of a precipitous rock, is alive with history and on to Callander. There we take coach through the Trossachs.

> Those mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land.

It is a wild gorge of mountain splendor where

> Duncraggan's huts appear at last
> And peep like moss-grown rocks half-seen
> Half hidden in the copse of green.

the Brig of Turk and Loch Achray are passed and we reach the lovely little Loch Katrine, made immortal by the genius of Sir Walter.

> The summer sun's reflected hue
> To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
> Mildly and soft the gentle breese
> Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
> And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
> Trembled, but dimpled not for joy.

Here we take the little steamer to Stronachlacher pier; sailing past Ellens' Isle, a mass of emerald, and the "Silver Strand," a pebbly beach, whose sands have been bleached to snowy whiteness.

How grand are these Highlands with their far-reaching landscapes broken into lovely lakes, or heaved into soaring peaks of mountain grandeur! But the coach ride between Lakes Katrine and Lomond is a rough one. On board was a chattering French lady who was a great traveler. She asked me if I had been in Switzerland, of which this scenery reminded her so much. I answered in the affirmative and then the conversation turning on particular places, I asked her if she had crossed the Mauvais Pas, in the Valley of Chamouni. "O yes," she replied, "more than once." I said I was satisfied with one passage for it greatly alarmed me. "Oh!" she said, with a show of vast courage; "that is nothing; it is only for children to be afraid of the Mauvais Pas." Just then the coach was rushing down a steep descent, and in veritable alarm she threw herself upon the other occupants of the seat. "O," I said, "this is nothing; it is only for children to get alarmed

in a ride like this," whereat all the passengers laughed and our lady tourist no longer boasted of her bravery.

The coach ride ends at Inversnaid on the borders of Loch Lomond, the pearl and pride of the Scottish Lakes, over which a steamer carries us to Balloch, which is two hours' distance by rail from Glasgow. This great commercial city on the banks of the Clyde, the third city in the kingdom in wealth and population has nothing of special interest to the tourist. The Cathedral is well worth a visit; its stained glass windows are very beautiful and its crypt very fine. George Square is filled with statues, and some of the streets are quite imposing. So after a glimpse of the city we take train for Ayr, the home of Robert Burns. The "Auld Claybiggin," in which Scotland's greatest poet first saw the light, is of thatched roof and low walls, and is on the road to the "Brig o' Doon." In the museum are the various editions of his works, autograph letters and mementos of one kind and another. Among these are portraits of the poet, and the Bible which he presented to Highland Mary at their last meeting as, standing on the opposite sides of a little stream, they dipped their hands into its waters and holding the Book between them, vowed eternal fidelity to each other. His ode to "Mary in Heaven" is the most sublime and pathetic outburst of unforgetting love in the English language.

> For dear to me as light and life
> Was my sweet Highland Mary.

His monument is near the Old Bridge, and in a grotto within the grounds are the statues of Souter

Johnnie and Tam O'Shanter. Across the road is "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," the scene of the witches' revels. The side walls and gable ends only are standing, and we walked over the ground and on the veritable "Brig O' Doon" over which Tam's gray mare Meg carried him in such hot haste when pursued by the "ghaists and houlets." Sad it is that one possessed of such splendid gifts should have gone astray with drink; but that he is the idol of the nation is shown by the fact that all through the summer months hundreds, yea thousands, as on this day, pay homage to his memory by visiting the scenes of his childhood and youth. Leaving Ayr we make a railway run of two hours to Stranrear, the nearest port to Ireland; and as we are to leave the land of the heather, we take up the words of that peasant poet, whose poems drop with tears or glow with fire and say:

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent;
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content;
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile.
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand a wall-of-fire round their much-loved isle.

XXII

IRELAND

"Them that goes to Ireland must sail
Across the say" says Moira O'Neill.

We are crossing the narrow strip of the North Channel to Larne, a sea route of only two hours. And now we are in the Land of Erin, the land of lakes and rushing torrents, the land of the shamrock and the shillaleh, the land of poetry and song, the emerald of whose green sward is not more unrivalled in delicate freshness than the crystal of its waters in sparkling purity.

"Be mine a dream of Erin," says the Irish poet; but ours was no dream on reaching Larne. Public tranquility had been greatly disturbed by the organized violence of the strikers of Belfast. There had been a pitched battle the night before, between the mob and the military and police force sent to protect the city. We feared to enter Belfast in the night; so as our boat reached Larne about 9.30 in the evening we went to the King's Arms Inn for rest. But no rest had we. A Cook's party on their way to Dublin quite filled the hotel. Many were drinking and dancing till all hours of the night; and others were up at four next morning preparing to start for Dublin.

Accordingly, as there was no sleep for us we decided to take an early breakfast and go on to Belfast. We found at that early hour an unusual display of military power. Squads of soldiers were marching along many of the streets while groups of idle men stood sullen and overawed. The trouble in the city had been mixed up with discontent among the police and disaffection of the Irish constabulary to the jeopardy of life, property and trade in this great industrial center, the real metropolis of Ireland. Everything now betokened a speedy settlement, and we greatly enjoyed our brief stay in this prosperous, thriving, well-built and progressive city of three hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. The public buildings are palatial, the streets and squares are spacious, and in spite of the temporary paralysis of great industries there was the flow and rush of busy life. Donegall Square would be an ornament to any city. The Albert Memorial Clock Tower has long been the pride of the city, and the new City Hall, three hundred feet in length, with a dome one hundred and seventy-three feet high, is truly magnificent. The grounds in front of the hall are most tastefully laid out, and the garden is adorned with statuary. Belfast is famous for its linen manufacture, and in these great establishments you see the entire process of linen making from the coarse flax, to the beautiful fabrics woven amid the clatter of seven or eight hundred steam looms. We had a good view also of the ship-building along the docks, while outside the city were fields white with webs bleaching into snowy linen.

The railway ride from Belfast to Dublin is three hours, and it is diversified by hill and dale, woodland and stream, inland bays cradled in the green bosom of encircling hills, and rivers that flow in peaceful pomp through pastoral, evergreen valleys. We cross the Boyne at Droheda, where the famous battle of the Boyne water, was fought. Landing at the capital our ears were greeted with "Kyar, sur!" "Kyar, sur!" but we preferred a fourwheeler to this novel two-wheeled conveyance for reaching our hotel. Our first day was given to the Irish International Exposition. Here we saw the Irishman in his glory. "How do ye do, Father Pat, with your sprig of shillalah and shamrock so green?" The shillalah was not much in evidence, but we saw everywhere the

> Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
> Old Erin's native shamrock.

We traversed the Palace of Industries and of Mechanical Arts, a huge building filled with up-to-date electrical appliances and other manufacturing processes; the Palace of Fine Arts, with its choice collection of pictures and statuary, as well as of old silver and objects of historical interest. We found the Canadian Pavilion a great attraction, and the French Pavilion, exhibiting purely and only French products. We refreshed ourselves with a sumptuous dinner at Lyons, took in the Home Industries and exhibits of Irish bog-oak, marble ornaments and jewelry; saw the water-chute and switchback railway, heard the Fifteenth Canadian Light Horse Band, His Majesty's Coldstream Guards, also Rogan's Grand Military

tattoo; witnessed illuminations, etc.; and then returned to our hotel as tired as we could be.

Next day we gave to the city, the central point of which seems to be the monument to "Mighty Nelson," whom Tennyson calls "The greatest sailor since the world began." We visited the Bank of Ireland and Trinity College, and then hired a jaunting car. What the gondola is to Venice the jaunting car is to Ireland! It is a light, easy-running, two-wheeled vehicle; but you sit with your legs over the wheel and have to hold on for dear life. The charm of all is the wit and brogue of the driver. We visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, with its choir and stalls of the Knights of Saint Patrick, its Lady Chapel, its monuments and its famous well; and Christ Church Cathedral founded by Setric, King of the Danes, in 1038, with its effigies of Strongbow and his son. Near by is Dublin Castle, with its state apartments, the royal seat of government. We drove to the Four Courts, its façade four hundred and fifty feet long, with a Corinthian portico in the center.

All this time the rain was coming down, at times, in torrents, and we had no protection. There was nothing for it but to return home. We ordered a fire in our room, warmed and dried our clothing, took lunch, and at 3 o'clock, as the rain had ceased, our Jehu again appeared and we were dashing off for Phoenix Park. This is one of the largest parks in the world, and is kept in excellent condition, with flower gardens, shrubberies and glades of luxuriant trees. It has all facilities for golf, tennis, cricket, bowling and other amusements. The drive around it

is about twenty miles. The Vice Royal Lodge is here as well as the Lodges of Chief and Under Secretaries. On the way home the rain came down again, but our driver had a splendid horse, and we pushed on with the speed of the wind and found our excursion to be most exhilarating. Next morning we were off by the early train for Kingstown, where we took the mail steamer to Holyhead, reaching Wales about noon. Then a ride over the Great Western Railway, through North Wales, past Menai Suspension Bridge, summer resorts and harbors, and rocky ramparts of the shore washed by the loud-resounding sea. The scenery from the car window is wild; lofty hills, with heavy, massive shadows resting on them, and Snowdon in the distance. Bangor is an old and picturesque city. Llandudno is a favorite watering place. Conway is an ancient walled town, with its walls, turrents and gateways well preserved, and its castle erected by Edward I. is one of the most magnificent of ancient fortresses, and one of the noblest ruins of its kind in all Europe. On we whirl to the old city Chester, where we had a three day's rest, with easy sight-seeing before sailing from Liverpool. One is never weary with wandering over quaint old-fashioned, red-walled Chester. It is in Cheshire, only seventeen miles from Liverpool and on the Dee. It's walls were built by the Romans. You can walk on these old walls, that are perfect in their entire circuit and form a broad pathway of two miles. How interesting to look down on the silver stream once vexed with Caesar's oarsmen. The architecture of the houses is very quaint. The streets are cut out of

the rock below the general surface, and the houses are built into the rock or piled up against it. Some shops are level with the street, others are above in upper stories. "The Rows," as they are called, are half in-door and half out-door sidewalks. Great is the puzzle of the stranger to know whether the roadway is down in the cellar, or whether it is upstairs on the landing. But the promenade always engages the attention and one of the old seventeenth century houses which escaped the plague has this inscription: "God's providence is mine inheritance, 1652."

The center of interest is the venerable minster. Outside it is a heavy, irregular pile, but the interior is most impressive, portions of it being in Norman and in the Early and Decorative styles. What an impression is produced by its weather-beaten walls, its nave and aisles, its elaborately-carved stalls, with the oak canopies of the choir within, with Lady Chapel and Chapter House and Cloister, the stones worn smooth, by the feet of many generations. Surely in all the architecture of the world there is nothing like the Gothic Cathedral:

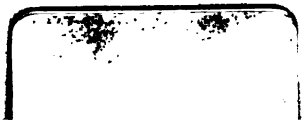
> Imagination's very self in stone

But a place of almost equal interest is the old church of Saint John, parts of which have stood for thirteen hundred years, and in which you see all the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, the Norman and the early English architecture. You note the gradual change from the Norman circular arch to the pointed arch of the Gothic.

Our ship is awaiting us at Liverpool. We are done with sight-seeing for a while and we embark for home. By the good hand of Providence we have been carried safely over thousands of miles by sea and land. And so our journey ends and with it our rapidly taken films of European lands.

We have realized the truthfulness of the old adage that one always learns something by travel, if it be only to love better his own country.

We have learned also our co-partnership with many lands, especially with England in blood, language, and literature, in history and immortal deeds. Whittier was right when he uttered the words of reproachful affection in the dark days of near fifty years ago.

> Joint heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of wave
> Nor length of years can part us:
> Your right is ours to shrine and grave
> The common freehold of the brave
> The gift of saints and martyrs.

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